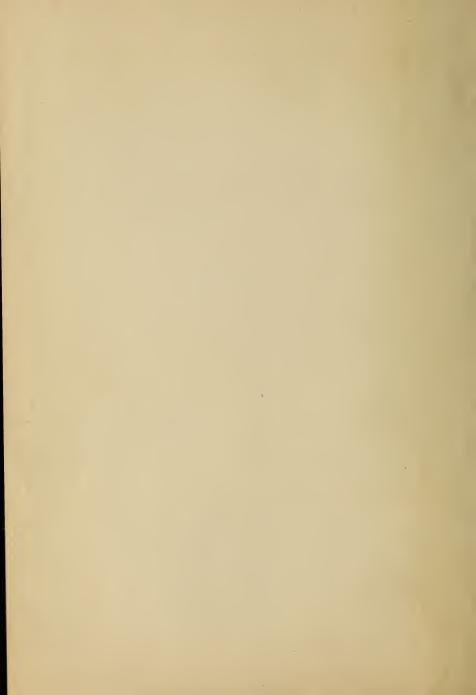


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REDEMPTION SONGS:

MUSICAL EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
AND JNO. J. LOWE.

Philadelphia: JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

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PREFAGE.

I believe this volume of songs will meet any demand for devotional and evangelistic meetings. I believe this because of the following reasons:—

FIRST-The ability of the editors.

SECOND—The large number of contributors; embracing almost every prominent writer of Gospel songs of the past twenty-five years. Here are their names:—

Lowry,	TOWNER,	Dunbar,	HARTSOUGH,
DOANE,	STEBBINS,	STOCKTON,	DAVIS,
BLISS	PALMER,	PERKINS,	WILLIAMS,
SANKEY,	KNAPP,	KANE,	NICKERSON,
Root,	EXCELL,	MINOR,	OGDEN,
BRADBURY,	McIntosh,	HASTY,	Gordon,
O'KANE,	LORENZ,	HOFFMAN,	SMITH.
MASON,	BILHORN,	TOMER,	
McGranahan,	CONVERSE,	BUTLER,	

THIRD—It contains the largest and best collection of first-cass devotional hymns of any single collection I have ever seen.

FOURTH—I have tested nearly all the pieces in this book, and found them to be both popular and effective.

Thanks are due all contributors and owners of copyrights, who have by their kindness enabled me to compile this volume, and are hereby offered.

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TO PRINT, for sale or otherwise, any copyright hymn of this collection, unless written permission shall have been obtained, will be deemed an infringement of copyright.

EDEMPTION

By Grace & Will.



- 3 Will you consecrate your life to him, | 4 Will you follow where the Master To be ever his alone?
 - And your loving service freely yield, To the King upon his throne.
- Choosing only his renown, [leads, Will you daily bear the cross for him, Till he bids you wear the crown?

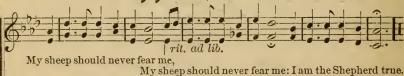




Some Sweet Day.







5 I thought his love would weaken,
As more and more he knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,

And its light and heat go thro' me.
And I ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,

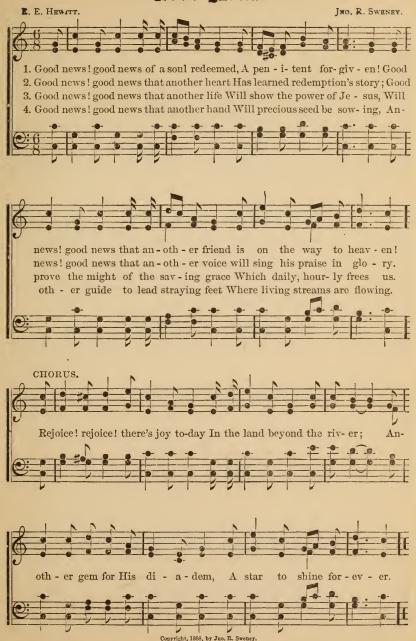
6 Let us do, then, dearest brothers, [us. What will best and longest please Follow not the ways of others, But trust ourselves to Jesus.

We shall ever hear him say,
As he goes along his way,





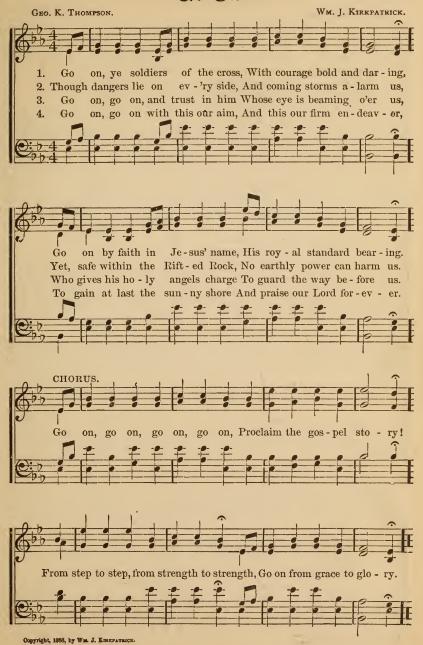
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Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."

Ezekiel xxxiv. 26. JENNIE GARNETT. INO. R. SWENEY 1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord; O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend, 3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail; 4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee; "There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word. While at the footstool of mer - cy Pleading thy promise we bend! Thou wilt regard our pe - ti - tion; Sure - ly our faith will pre - vail. Showers of blessing,-oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be. CHORUS. gracious-ly hear Gracious-ly hear us, we us, gracious-ly hear Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to - day. Lord, pour up - on us Copyright, 1888, by JEO. R. SWENEY.



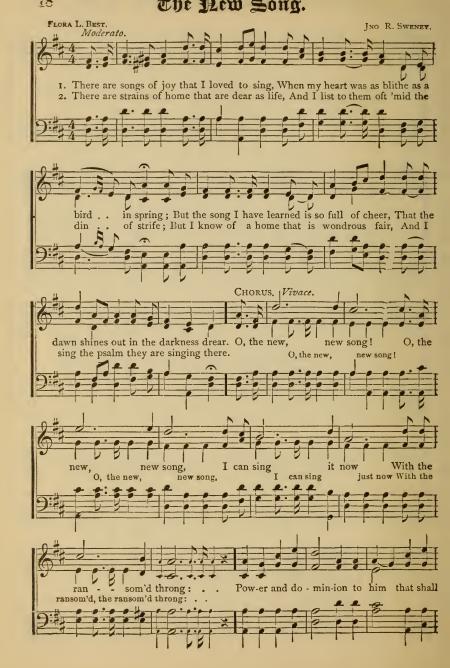






Where the Living Waters Flow.







3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, | 4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall glad?

When the gracious Master hath made me When I come to the gloom of the evenfall, [be, For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,

When he points where the many mansions And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'? Have a path of light that will lead to him. From "Gems of Praise," by per.



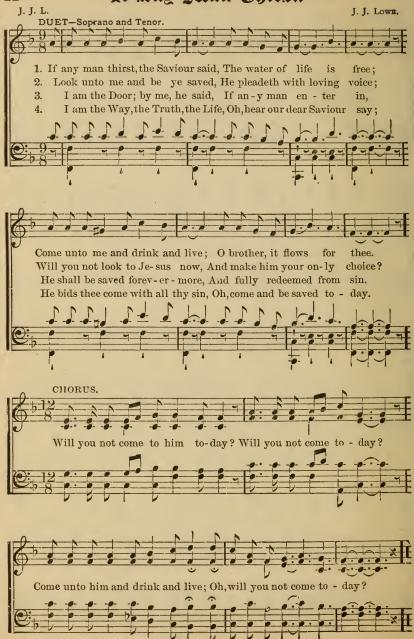
20 Not Imy Own. "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."

1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. EL. NATHAN, JAMES McGRANAHAN. By per. 1. "Not my own," but saved by Je - sus, Who redeemed me by his blood, 2. "Not my own!" to Christ, my Saviour, I be-liev - ing, trust my soul; 3. "Not my own!" my time, my tal - ent, Free - ly all to Christ I bring, 4. "Not my own!" the Lord accepts me, One among the ransomed throng, Glad - lv ac - cept the mes- sage, belong to Christ the Lord. to him commit - ted, While e-ter - nal Ev -'rything a - ges roll. in joy-ful ser-vice For the glo - ry To be used of my King. Who in heaven shall see his glo - ry, And to Je - sus Christ belong. "Not my own!" oh,"not my own!" Je-sus, I... belong to oh, no! oh, no! Je - sus, All I have, and all I hope for, Thine for all e-ter-ni-ty. long to thee!

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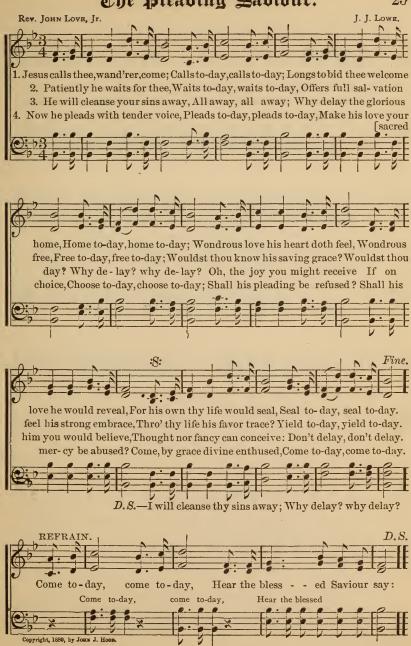
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Ve Must be Born Again.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of T. SLEEPER God."—John iii. 3. GEO. C. STERRINS. By I GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per. W. T. SLEEPER. by night, ask him the rul - er once came to Jesus To Ye children of men, at-tend to the word So sol-emn-ly O ye who would enter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the A dear one in heaven thy heart yearns to see, At the beauti - ful way to salvation and light; The Master made answer in words true and plain, "Ye uttered by Jesus the Lord, And let not this message to you be in vain, "Ye ransomed the song of the blest; The life everlasting if ye would obtain, "Ye gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this solemn refrain, "Ye must be born again." Ye must be born again, Ye must be born again, again. ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say unto thee, Ye must be born again, again.





How Long?



- Oh, what will you gain by delay? While halting between two opinions, Your life is fast passing away.
- 4 How soon will you make the decision? | 5 'Tis Jesus the Lord and Redeemer Who asks you this moment to choose: Be earnest, O trifler and dreamer! A kingdom and crown you may lose.

Neaver the Cross.



WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. EMMA M. JOHNSTON. 1. There's nothing like the old, old sto-ry, Grace is free, grace is free! 2. There's on - ly hope in trusting Je-sus, Grace is free, grace is free! 3. From age to age the theme is tell-ing, Grace is free, grace is free! Сно.—There's nothing like, etc. Fine. Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free! From sin that doomed he died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free! From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free! It brought them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and overcame, Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet Of love so wondrous, so complete, And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crowned with victo - ry, Use first four lines as Chorus. D.C. And now they cry thro' his dear name, Grace is free, grace is free! And fall in rap-ture at his feet, Grace is free, grace is free! 'Twill sound thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free!



3 I have found the Saviour precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.

I have found the Saviour precious; He has proved my dearest Friend, And my faith can trust his promise Of protection to the end.

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Moet me there;



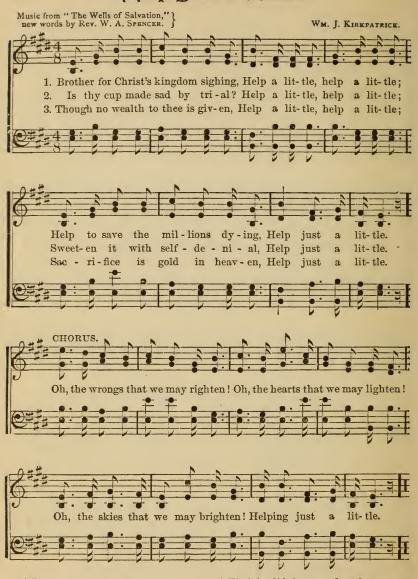
East thy Burden on the Lord.



Does thy mind forget his word? Does thy strength succumb to weak-Cast thy burden on the Lord. [ness?]

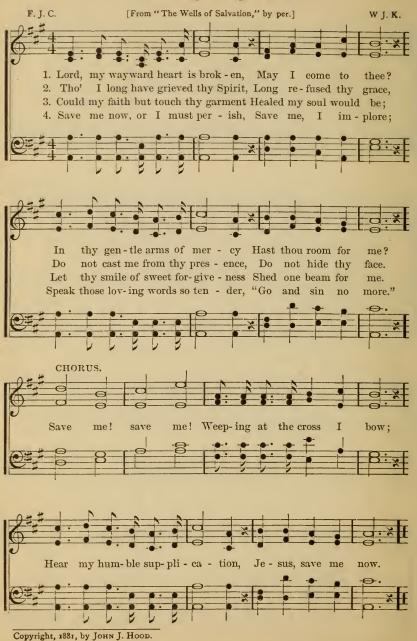
4 Does thy heart with faintness falter? | 5 He will hold thee up from falling, He will guide thy steps aright; He will strengthen each endeavor; He will keep thee by his might.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16. C. C. WILLIAMS. Mrs. E. M. H. GATES. Say, is your lamp burming, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; 2. Upon the dark mountains they stumble, They are bruised on the rocks as they lie If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me. With white, pleading faces turned upward, To the clouds and the pitiful sky. Wide o - ver the land and the o - cean, What a girdle of glory would shine! There are many and many around you, Who follow wherever you go, There is many a lamp that is lighted—We behold them a-near and a-far; How all the dark places would brighten! How the mists would turn up and away! **D.S.** Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; D.S. for Chorus. If you tho't that they walked in the shadow, Your lamp would burn brighter, I k now But not many among them, my brother, Shine steadily on like a How the earth would laugh out in her gladness, To hail the millennial day! For if it were burning, then surely, Some beam would fall brightly on me!

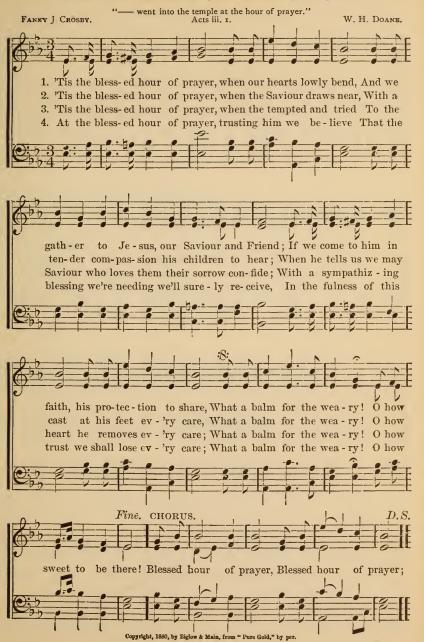


- 4 Let us live for one another, Help a little, help a little; Help to lift each fallen brother, Help just a little.
- 5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow, Help a little, help a little; Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow. Help just a little.

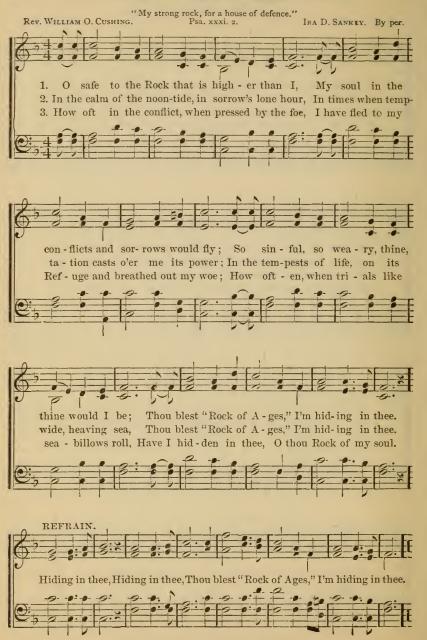




'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.



Miding in Thee.





JNC. R. SWENEY.



When Je-sus shall gather the na - tions Be-fore him at last to ap-pear, Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, 'Faithful servant, well done;'

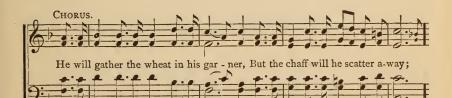
He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;

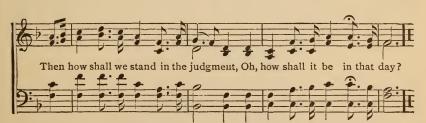




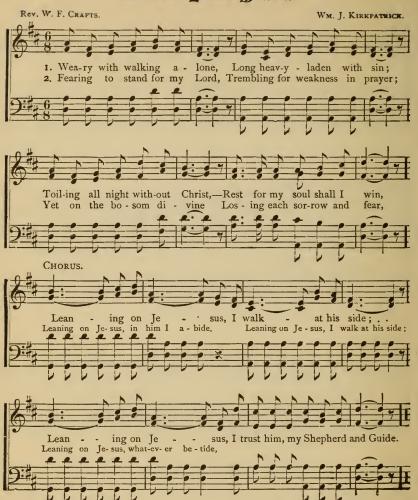
Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear? Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne. He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel,



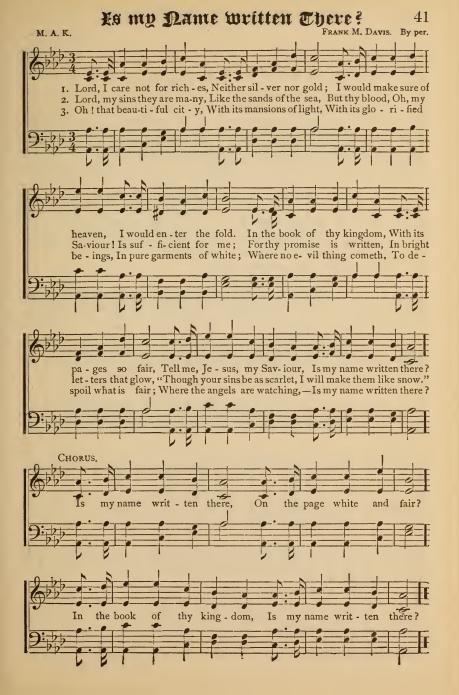




- Our lamps burning steady and bright,-
- Our spirits made ready for flight. [ding]
- 4 Then let us be watching and waiting, | 5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus, In patience we wait for the time,
- When the Bridegroom shall call to the wed- When, the days of our pilgrimage ended, We'll bask in his presence divine



- 3 Anxious no longer for self,
 Shrinking no longer from paln;
 Leaning on Jesus alone,
 He all my care will sustain.
 Leaning on Jesus, etc.
- 4 Leaning, I walk in "The Way,"
 Leaning, "The Truth" I shall know;
 Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
 Safe into "Life" I may go.
 Leaning on Jesus, etc.
 From "Leaflet Gems, No. 2," by Acc.







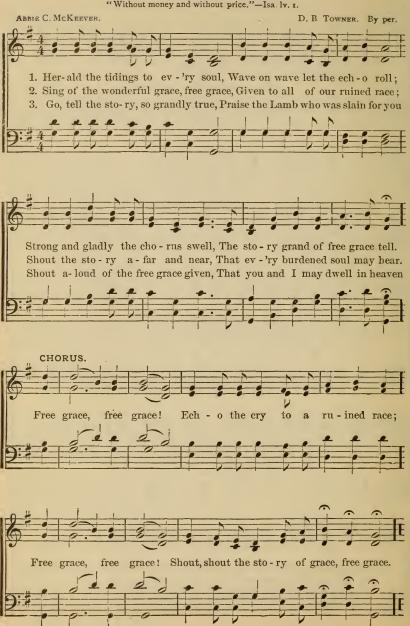


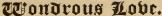
Have You the Garment of White?



Free Grace.

"Without money and without price."-Isa. lv. 1.





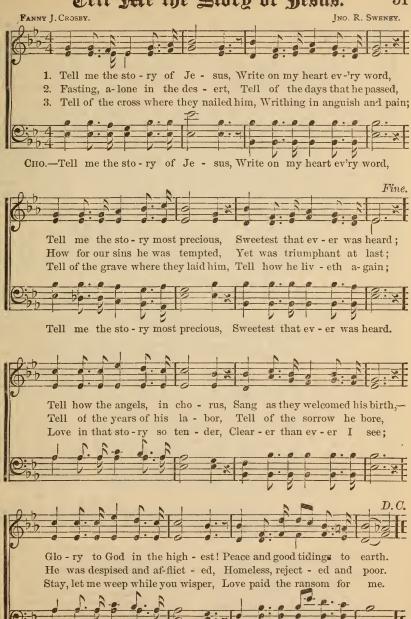




F Meard the Voice of Jesus.



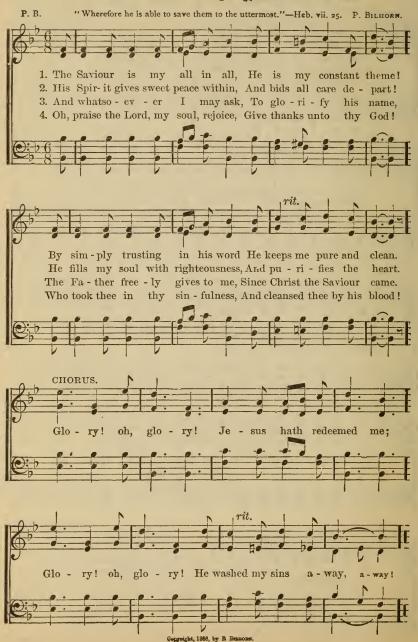






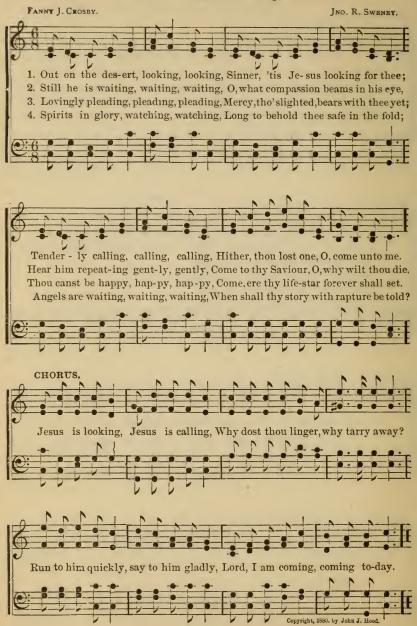


The Saviour is Pay all in all.

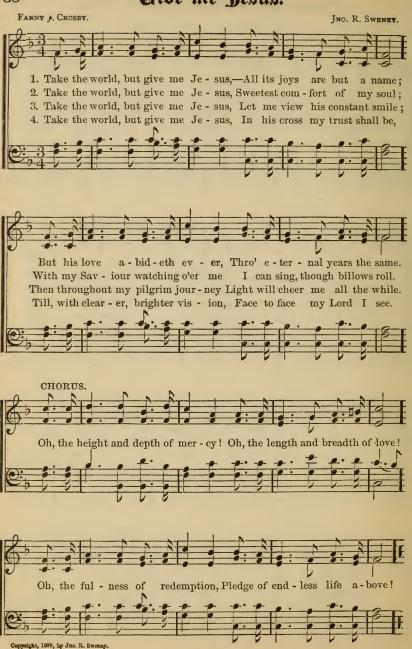


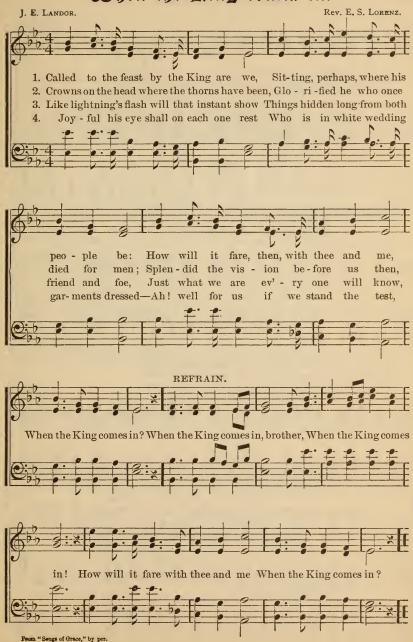
Only a Step.



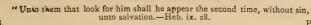


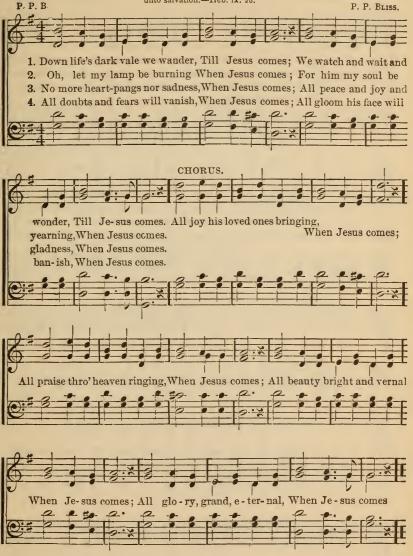












- He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes;
 He'll know the feet grew weary, When Jesus comes.
- 6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how his arms will rest me! When Jesus comes.

Wait, and Murmur Not.



HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. 1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest, - Je - sus will save you now; 2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace, - Je - sus will save you now; 3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love, - Je - sus will save you now; 4. Who'll be first to a - rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now; Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je - sus will save you now. Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now. Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now. Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now. Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set, Come, and the step you will ne'er re - gret, Je - sus will save you now.

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God be with You.



From "Gospei Bells," by per.

Watching for the Bridegroom.



- 4 Oh, when we hear the Bridegroom's | 5 And when we join the blood-washed At morning or at night, [cry, May all our hopes on Christ rely, And all our lamps be bright.
 - And sing the song divine, [throng, This strain shall burst from every tongue, The glory, Lord, be thine.









Dr neminion.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;

Take my heart.—it is thine own,-

It shall be no longer mine;

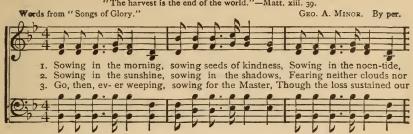
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treasure-store! Take myself, and I will be Ever, only, all for thee!



Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."-Matt. xiii. 39.





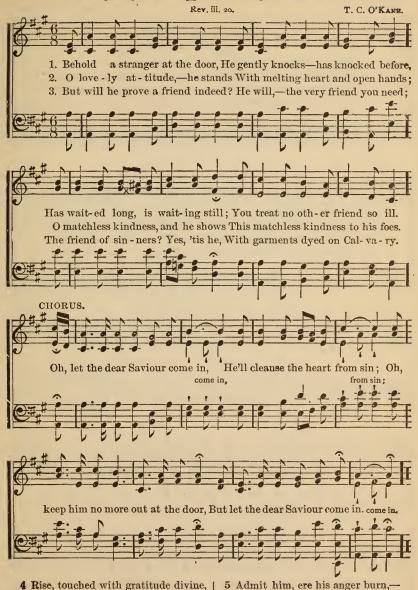












His feet, departed, ne'er return;

Admit him, or the hour's at hand

You'll at HIS door rejected stand.

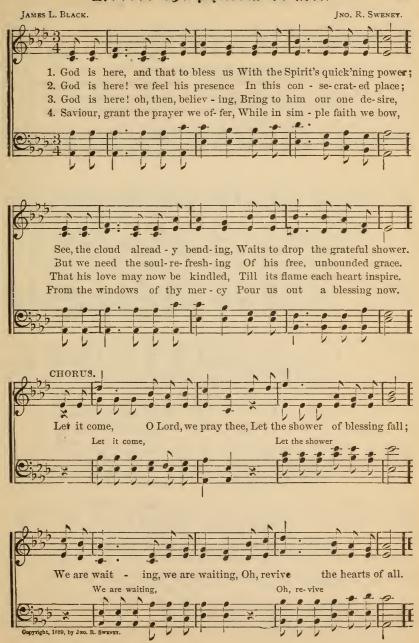
By parmission.

Turn out his enemy and thine;

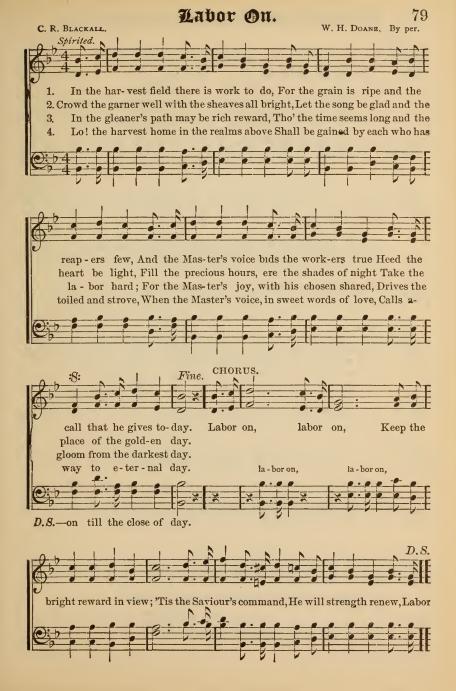
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,

And let the heavenly Stranger in.





Where Mother Knelt in Prayer. THOS, MACKELLAR. J. J. Lows. 1. Once in my boyhood's gladsome day, My spirits light as air, 2. Her hands were clasped in ferven - cy, Her lips gave forth no sound, Yet, 3. My moth - er, all entranced in prayer, My presence heeded not, And 4. An orphaned wand'rer, far from home, In af-ter time I strayed: But a lone - ly room Where mother knelt in prayer, Where awe-struck, solemn - ly I stood on ho-ly ground-Where I felt rev - 'rent-ly I turned a-way In si-lence from the spot—Where God has kept me, and I feel He heard her when she prayed, He Where moth-er knelt in prayer, moth - er knelt in Ι prayer, in prayer, Ι moth - er knelt in prayer, Where moth- er knelt moth - er knelt in prayer, Where moth- er knelt in prayer, I heard her when she He heard her when she prayed, But prayed. wan-dered to a lone - ly room Where moth-er knelt in prayer. I stood on ho - ly ground. Where mother knelt in prayer. si - lence from the spot Where moth-er knelt in prayer. God has kept me, and I feel He heard her when she prayed. Copyright, 1889, by Jno. R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



k Hope to Meet You All in Glory. EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er; I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
 I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above; 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er; I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles-sed shin-ing shore. I hope to praise our dear Redeem-er For the grace that brought me there. I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem-ing love. I hope to clasp your hands rejoic-ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore. CHORUS. the shin - ing shore, Onthe gold en strand, In Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I hope to meet you there, -A crown of vict-'ry wear,glo Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hoop.

Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love. P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN. 1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain sweet strain, By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid, was made, When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound, had crowned, In Jesus for peace I a-bide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side, I sing it a-gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. No oth - er founda-tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love. In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love. CHORUS. Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won-der-ful gift from a-bove! a-bove! Oh, won-derful, wonder-ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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Redemption Songs-F

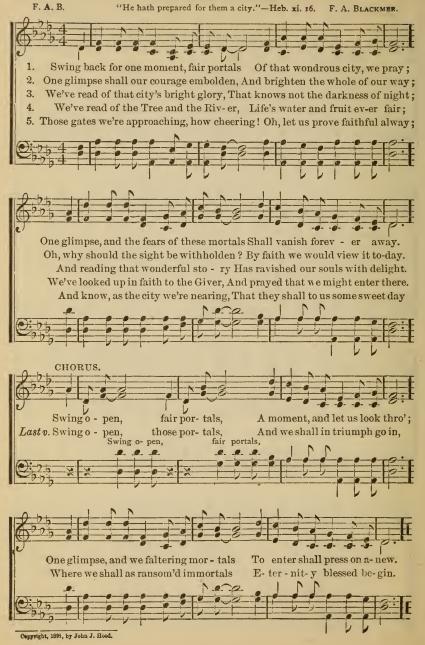




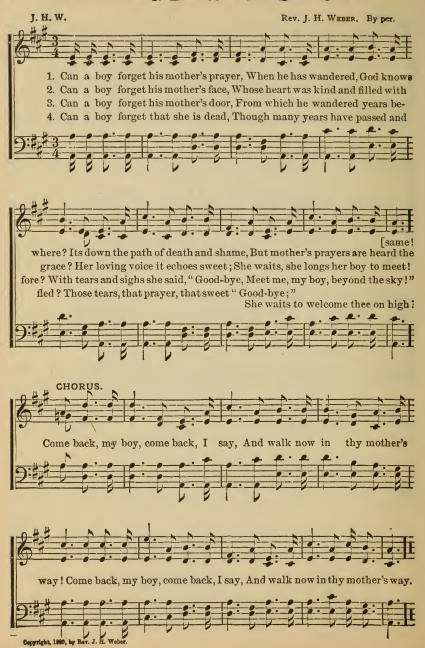
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Fair Portals.

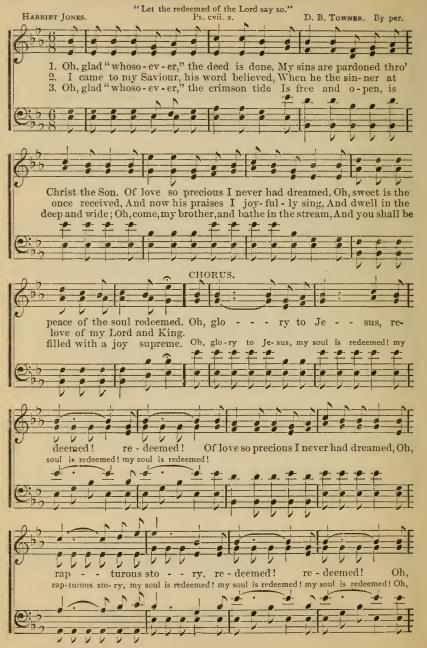




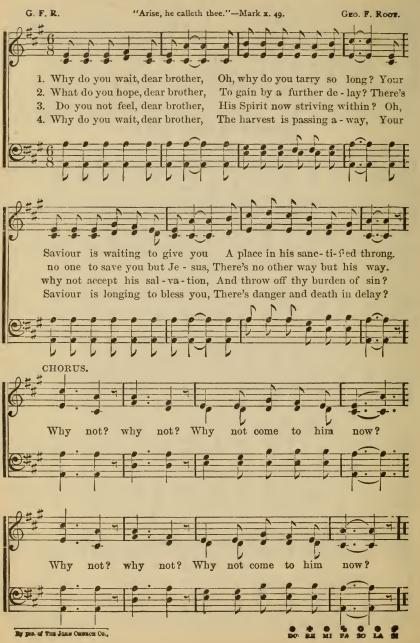




Redeemed.









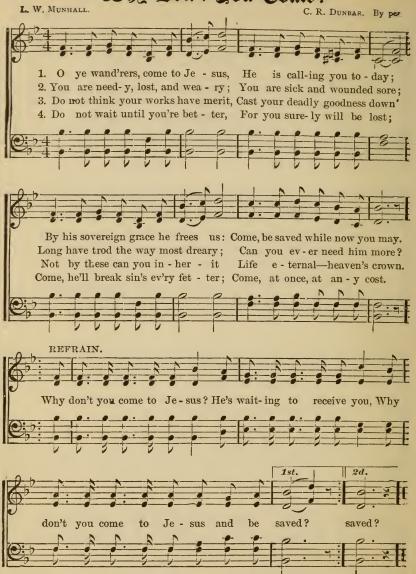
Oh, the good we may be do-ing, While the days are go-ing by.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.



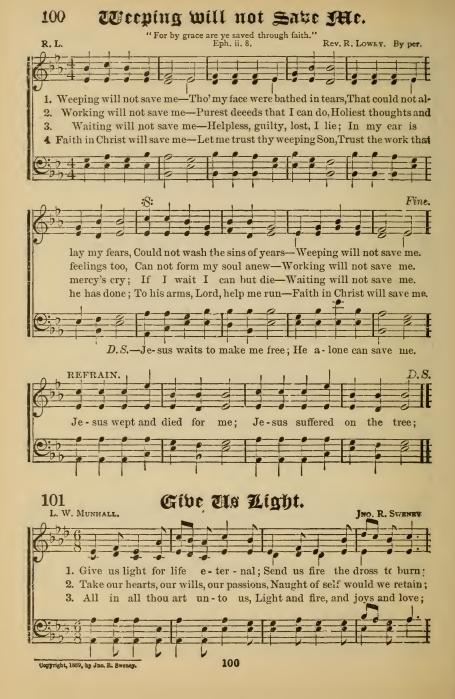


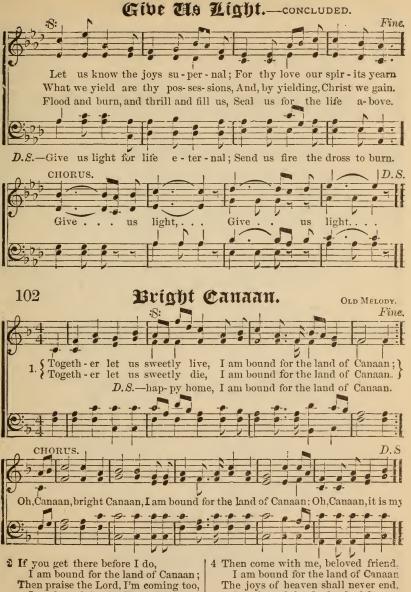




- 5 He from heaven came to save you, Hung upon th'-accursed tree, 'Rose from death to justify you, Waits to intercede for thee.
- 6 Yield just now, in glad submission, In repentance, faith, and love; He will grant you full remission, Take you to his home above.







I am boun for the land of Canaan. 3 Part of my friends the prize have won,

I am bound for the land of Canaan; And I'm resolved to follow on, I am bound for the land of Canaan. I am bound for the land of Canaan

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, I am bound for the land of Canaan; While higher still our joys shall rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.





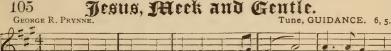
Into every troubled breast! Let us all in thee inherit, Let us find that second rest. Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and Omega be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.

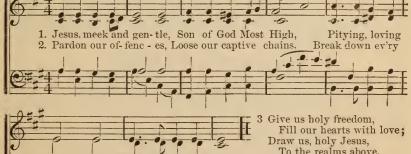
3 Come, almighty to deliver, Let us all thy life receive; Suddenly return, and never, Never more thy temples leave;

Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation; Pure and spotless let us be: Let us see thy great salvation, Perfectly restored in thee: Changed from glory into glory, Till in heaven we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee.

Lost in wonder, love, and praise.





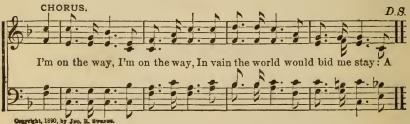
iour, Hear thy children's cry. Which our soul de-tains. 1. Sav-iour, Hear thy chil - -- 103

To the realms above.

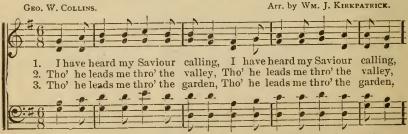
4 Lead us on our journey, Be thyself the way Through terrestrial darkness To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle, etc.





107 Follow All the Way.



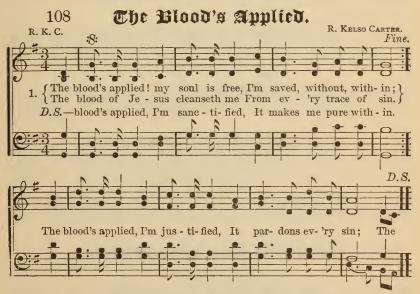
CHO.-Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow,

Follow all the Way.—concluded.



Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.

- 4 |: Tho' the path be dark and dreary,: || I'll go with him, with him all the way.
- 5 ||: Tho' he leads me to the conflict,:||
 I'll go with him, with him all the way.
- 6 ||: Tho' he leads through fiery trial,:||
 I'll go with him, with him all the way.
- 7 |: I will follow on to know him,: He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.
- 8 |: He will give me grace and glory,: || He will keep me, keep me all the way.
- 9 ||: O'tis sweet to follow Jesus,:||
 And be with him, with him all the way.



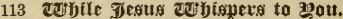
- 2 I've bid farewell to every fear, By faith I claim the prize; Now I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies.
- 3 Temptations come and trials too,
 While hellish darts are hurled;
 But Jesus saves me through and
 In spite of all the world. [through,
- 4 Though cares and storms and sorrows
 About me thick and fast,
 My Jesus,—he is Lord of all,—
 Will bring me home at last.
- 5 Then will my happy, happy soul Tell of his love and rest, While shouts of victory shall roll From every conquering breast.

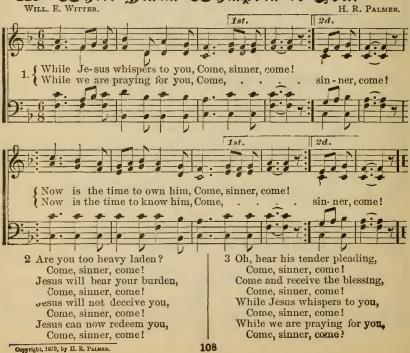






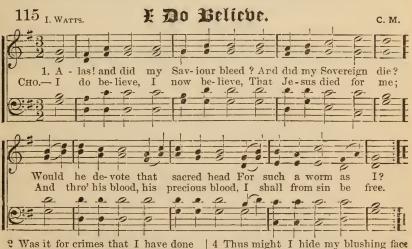
- Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.







- Long provoked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent; Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- Me he now delights to spare; Cries," How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands. Show his wounds and spreads his God is love! I know, I feel; [hands: Jesus weeps, and loves me still.



He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,

When God, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature,'s sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,

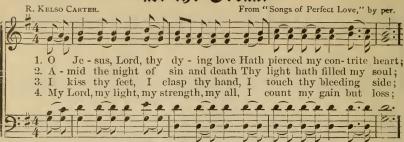
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;

Here, Lord, I give myself away,-'Tis all that I can do.



At the Cross.



Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,

And the burden of my heart rolled away



It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day!

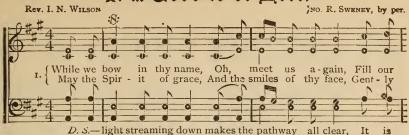


- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows To him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart; Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart; With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow,

And bless in death a bond so dear.







good for us, Lord, to be here.



2 Our souls long for thee;
 Oh, may we now see
 ▲ sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
 And feel, as it rolls

In power o'er our souls,

It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,

0000000

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119

OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

Tune and Chorus above.

OH, how nappy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more

And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,

And the story repeat, And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long, Was my joy and my song;

Oh, that all his salvation might see:

He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,

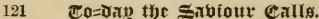
To re even rebels like me.

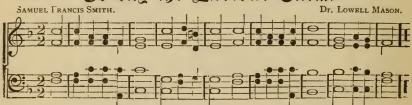
111

ill We Come.



- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss, Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Pain us only "Till he come!"
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread. Drink the wine and eat the bread: Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round his heavenly board, Some from earth, from glory some, Severed only "Till he come!"

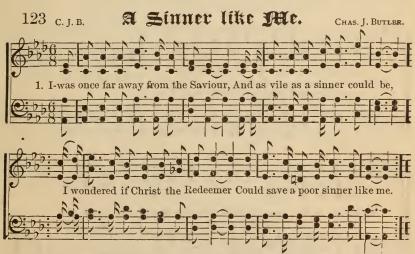




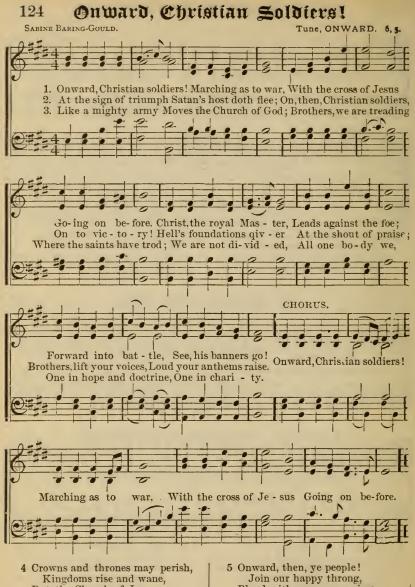
- 1 To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ve benighted souls, Why longer roam?
- 2 To-day the Savionr calls; Oh, hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day; Yield to his power, Oh. grieve him not away. mercy's hour.



- 2 How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here! But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free; And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.



- 2 I wandered on in the darkness, Not a ray of light could I see, [ness, And the thought filled my heart with sad-There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus, And oh, what a joy came to me; My heart was filled with his praises, For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking, For the light is now shining on me, And now unto others I'm telling, How he saved a poor sinner like me,
- 5 And when life's journey is over, And I the dear Saviour shall see, I'll praise him for ever and ever. For saving a sinner like me.



Crowns and thrones may perish Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fai'.

5 Onward, then, ye people!

Join our happy throng,

Blend with ours your voices

In the triumph-song;

Glory, laud, and honor

Unto Christ the King,

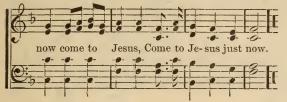
This through countless ages

Men and angels sing.



Come to Jesus.





- 2 He will save you, etc.
- 3 He is able, etc.
- 4 He is willing, etc.
- 5 He is waiting, etc.6 O believe him, etc.
- 7 He will bless you, etc.



- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows they.
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

110



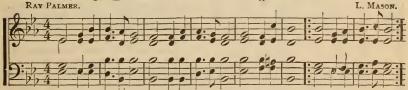
2 O that this dry and barren ground In springs of water may abound,— A fruitful soil become;

The desert blossoms like the rose, When Jesus conquers all his foes, And makes his people one. 3 Come, brethren, you that love the Lord, Who taste the sweetness of his word, In Jesus' ways go on; Our troubles and our trials here, Will only make us richer there, When we arrive at home.





129 Pay Faith Looks Up to Thee.





- 1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; Oh, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
- 2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire!

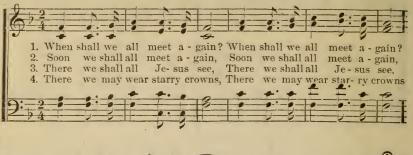
As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee Pure, warm, amd changeless be— A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour! then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; Oh, bear me safe above—A ransomed soul!

130 When shall We all Meet again?

Arr. by L. H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.







The Golden Rev.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." JNO. R. SWENEY.



118





119

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Oh, be not far from me. Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

Jesus is Mine!



122

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2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

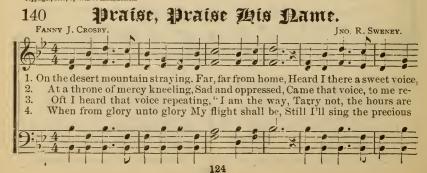
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace thee.



3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood | 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

And view the landscape o'er. [flood Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold Should fright us from the shore.

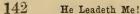
Copyright, 1887, by Wm. J. KIBEPATRICE.



Praise, Praise Mis Pame.—concluded.



- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 - O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve, Because thy promise I believe,
 - O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! come!





THE leadeth me! O blessed thought! Owords with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

Sometimes'midscenesofdeepestgloom, Sometimeswhere Eden'sbowersbloom, By waters still, o'er troubled sea,— Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine, Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

143 Come, thou Fount.



Tome, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

4 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it— Prone to leave the God I love— Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts above.

144 Blest be the tie.



I BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart
 And hope to meet again.

145 Nearer to Thee.

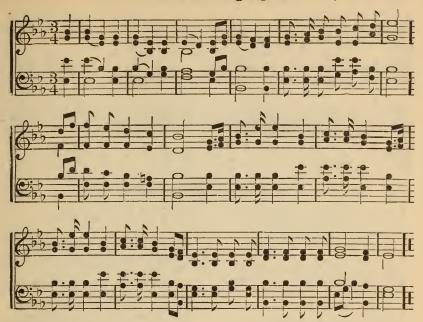


- Nearer, my God, to thee!
 Nearer to thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me In mercy given; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

146 Sweet Hour of Prayer.



- I Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known!
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear To him, whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless: And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word, and trust his grace, I'll cast on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayers



147 0 Love Divine.

- Vhen shall I find my willing heart
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.
- God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine;
 Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit With Mary at the Master's feet! Be this my happy choice; My only care, delight, and bliss, My joy, my heaven on earth, be this, To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John, Recline my weary head upon The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free, Give me, O Lord, to find in thee My everlasting rest.

148 0 could I Speak.

- I O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
 O could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine; I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all-perfect, heavenly dress My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Exalted on his throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
 When my dear Lord will bring me
 And I shall see his face; [home,
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

127



149

O that my load of sin were gone.

L.M.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last submit At Jesus' feet to lay it down— To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of imbred sin, And fully set my spirit free;

- I cannot rest till pure within, Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God, Thy light and easy burden prove, The cross all stained with hallowed blood, The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power; My heart from every sin release; Bring near, bring near the joyful hour, And fill me with thy perfect peace.——CHAS. WESLEY.

150

Lord, I am Thine.

L.M.

- 1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent thine would I be, And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, thine would I die; Be thine through all eternity; The vow is past, beyond repeal, And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood That bought my guilty soul for God, Thee, my new Master now I call, And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.
 —Samuel Davies

151

I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God.

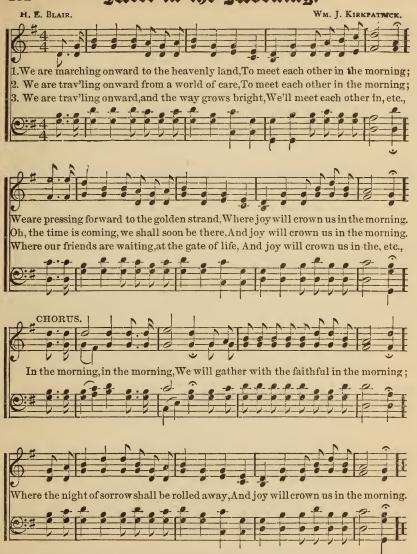
L.M.

- 1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood; To dwell within thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be Forever closed to all but thee: Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide Close sheltered in thy bleeding side! Who thence their life and strength derive, And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathes. Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King, That thou shouldst us to glory bring? Make slaves the partners of thy throne, Decked with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyeso'erflow, Our words are lost, nor will we know, Nor will we think of aught beside, "My Lord, my Love is crucified."

128

-NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF.

Meet in the Morning.



4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,

We'll meet each other in the morning! Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,

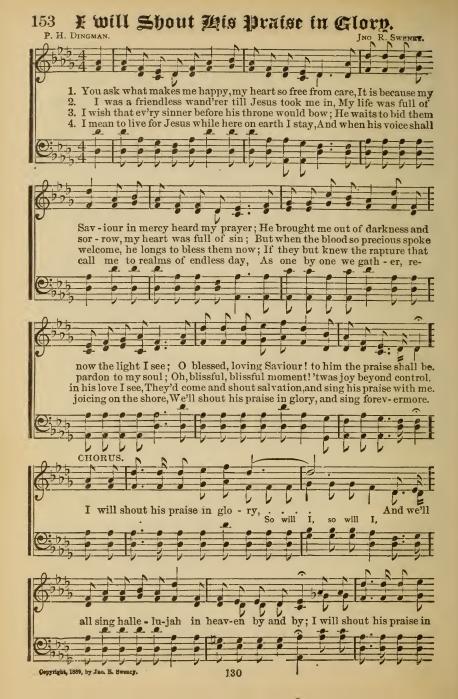
And joy will crown us in the morning.

5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviours' love

We'll meet each other in the morning; Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above.

And joy will crown us in the morning.

Redemption Songs-J





Safe in the Glory Land. 155 TAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY. way where the saints have gone, And the old the good the good old way like the ransomed throng, Un - to 3. In good old way with stead - fast faith, In the a 4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink King leads be - fore We are travelling home on us, to We are travelling home Zi - on re - turn - ing, now the at love and un - ion, What a joy is ours bonds of for the With the King we'll cross Jor - dan's storm - y riv - er. to the CHORUS. heavenly hills, With the day-star shining o'er us. Travelling home to the King's command, And our lamps are trimm'd and burning. King we see, And with him we hold communion. oth - er side, And we'll sing his praise for-ev - er. man-sions fair, Crowns and re - joic - ing what a shout when we all get there, Safe in the glo-ry land! Copyright, 1868, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

132





Stepping in the Light.





6 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove [love;

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,

I will not, I will not desert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,

Like lambs tney shall still in my bosom | I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

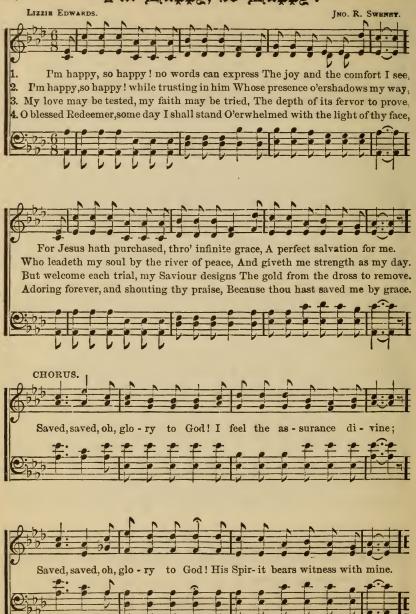


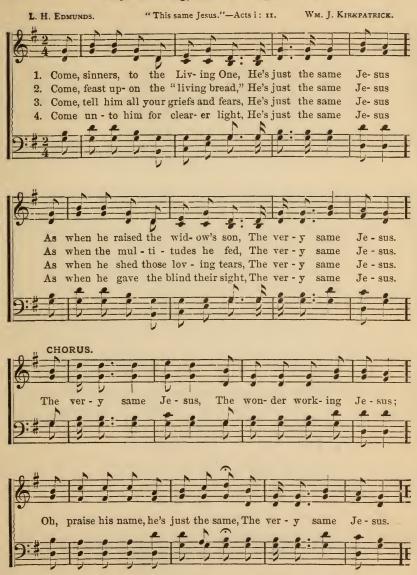


Tell it Out with Gladness.—concluded.



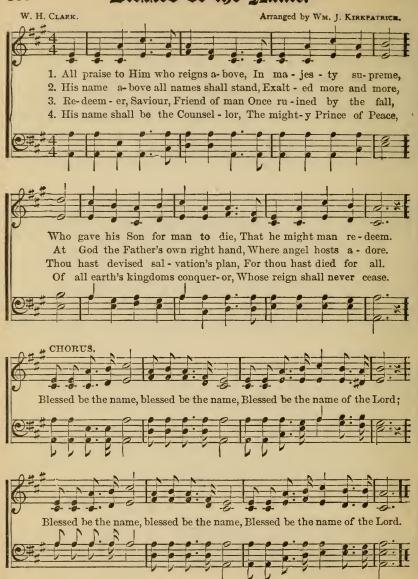
I'm Happy, so Happy!





5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be, 6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see He's just the same Jesus;

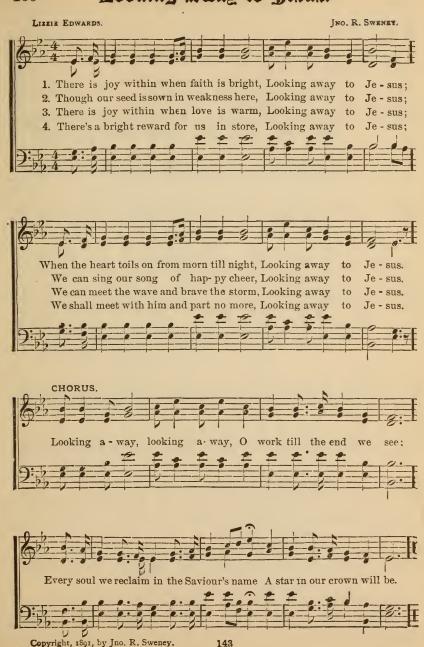
As when he hushed the raging sea, The very same Jesus. He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

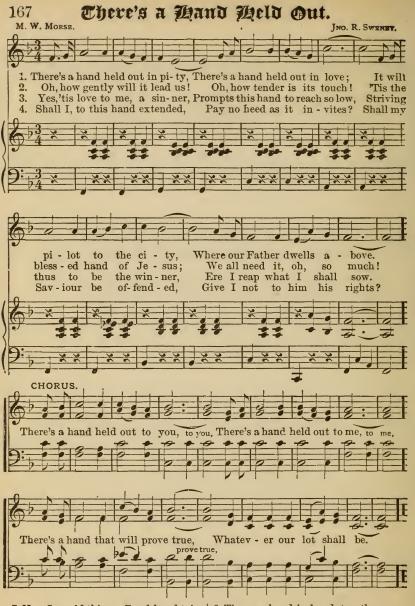


5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring | 6 Then shall we know as we are known, Their praise and homage meet; With rapturous awe adore their King,

And worship at his feet.

And in that world above Forever sing around the throne His everlasting love.





- Knowing that it leads aright; Yes, I would this loving choice make; Trusting in his love and might.
- 5 Nay, I would this proffered hand take, 6 Then, as hand in hand together With my Saviour, with my Friend, With my Christ, my Elder Brother, Let him lead till life shall end.

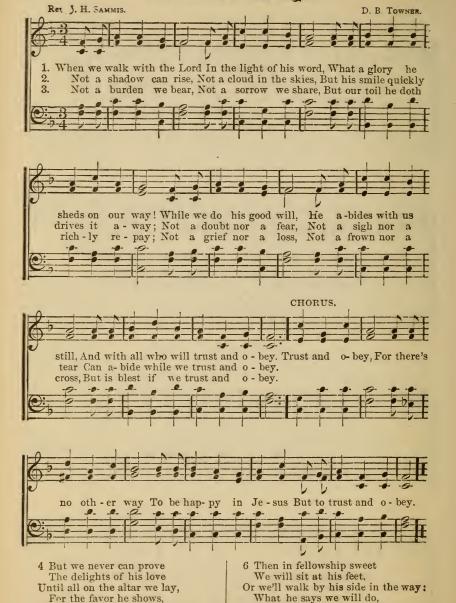


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Lead Me, Saviour.





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And the joy he bestows, Are for all who will trust and obey.

148

Where he sends we will go,

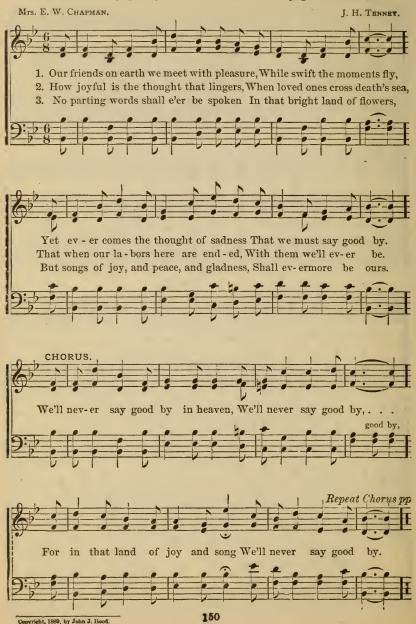
Never fear, only trust and obey.

172 Jesus will Give You Rest. FANNY J CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor, broken heart, Burden'd and sin op-2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your aching 3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Jesus, who loves you 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his loving pressed? Lay it the feet of your Sa - viour and Lord, down at On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul, breast; And what-ev - er your sin or your sor row may CHORUS. Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap-py rest! sweet, happy rest! sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come happy rest, sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je will give sus you rest. 149

From "Joy to the World," by per.

173 We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."-The words of a dying Christian woman.

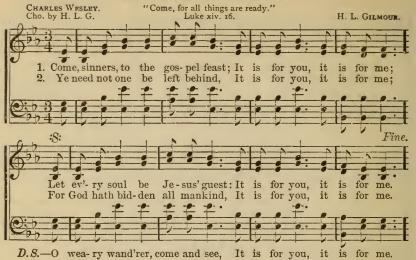








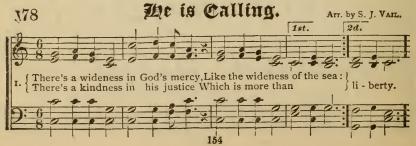
The Gospel Feast.



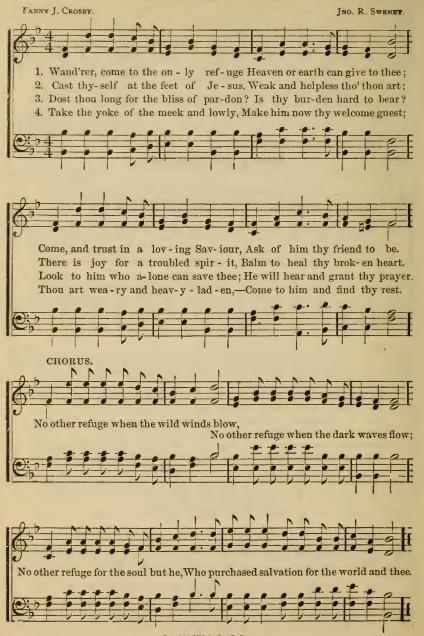


- 3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The invitation is to all:
- 4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye restless wanderers after rest;
- 'Yepoor, and maimed, and halt, and blind In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 7 My message as from God receive; Ye all may come to Christ and live:
- 8 O let this love your hearts constrain, Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 9 See him set forth before your eyes, That precious, bleeding sacrifice:
- 10 His offered benefits embrace, And freely now be saved by grace.

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THE JOYFUL SOUND:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW HYMNS AND MUSIG,

WITH FAMILIAR SELECTIONS.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"Salvation! O the Joyful Sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears."

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood.



AIL! Joyful Sounds, immortal music, hail!

Flood tides of bliss, with thrills of life replete,
O'er the vast earth in matchlessness prevail,

While youth and age their lofty strains repeat, And countless hosts, wherever man has trod, Touched by their spirit, gladly worship God.

Music divine and song, both from above,
Immortal twins, baptized a perfect whole!
Music and song, the dual forms of love,
Both God-inspired to touch the human soul;
Bright messengers of hope, white-winged with joy,
Leading excelsior-like to heaven's divine employ.

E. H. STOKES.

OCEAN GROVE, N. J., June, 1889.

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THE PUBLISHER.

· THE JOYFUL SOUND

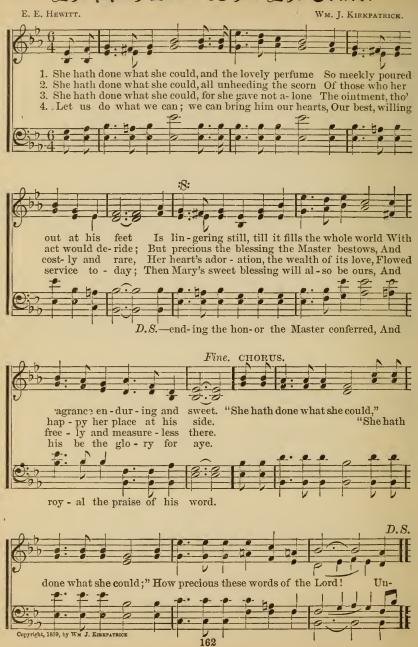




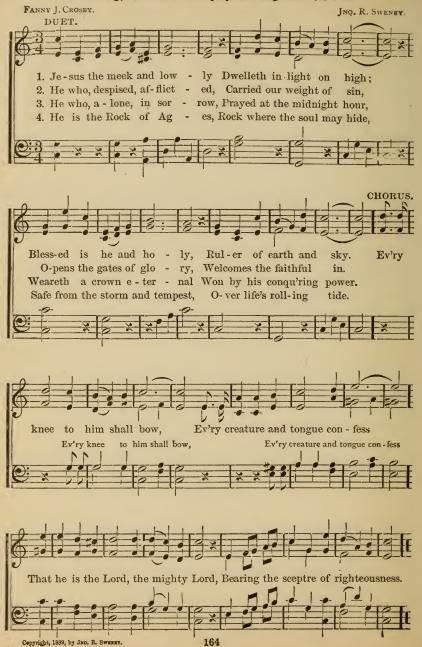
183 F will Praise the Lord To-day.

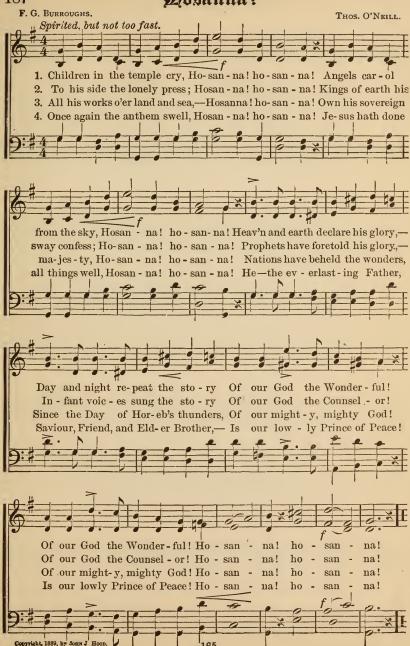


184 She Hath Done What She Could.











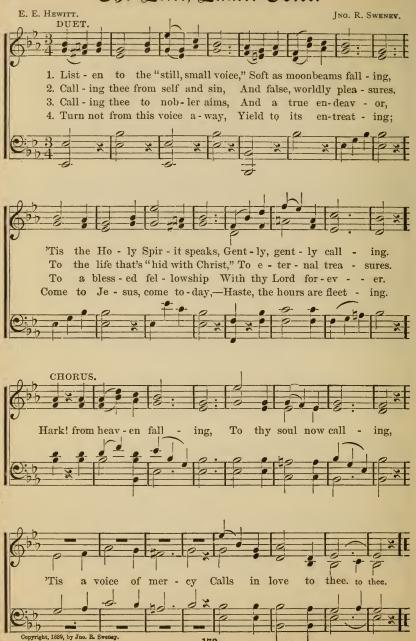




169









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Wonderful Saviour.

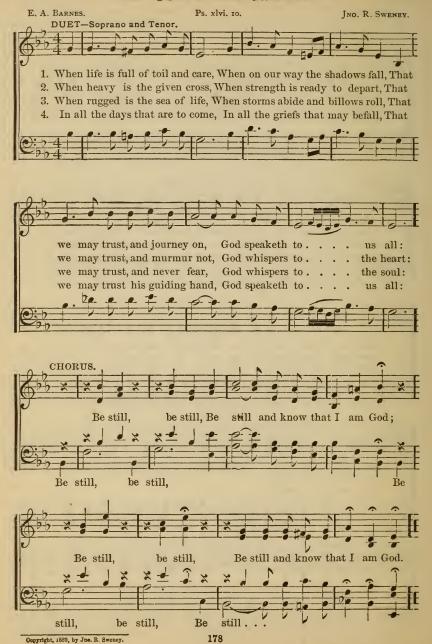


Let Me Into Nothing Fall.

199

THE topic for the Young People's Meeting at Ocean Grove, July 10th, 1887, was "The Friend of Sinners." A young man spoke upon the topic, saying, "Let me into nothing fall; Jesus is my all in all."



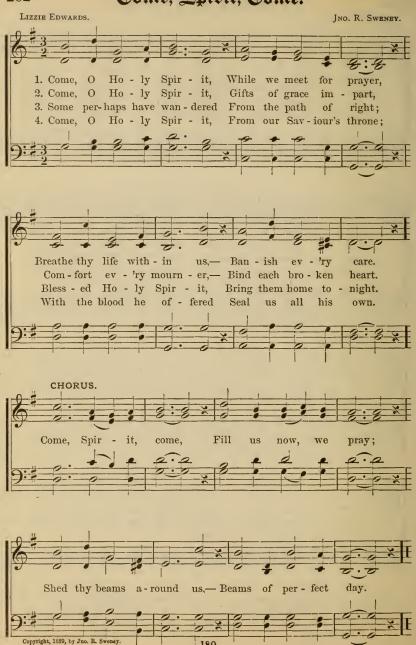


Trusting Only Thee.

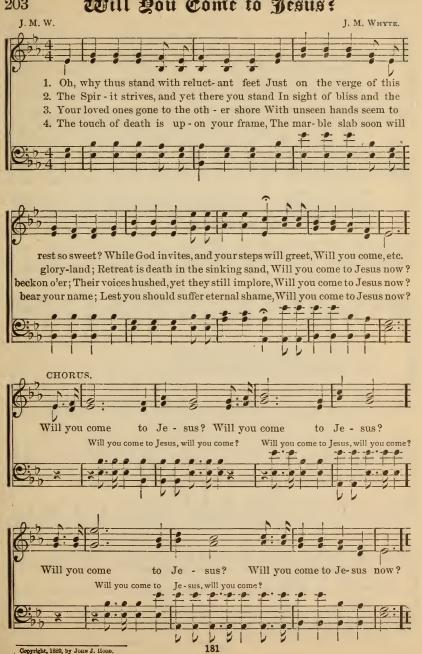


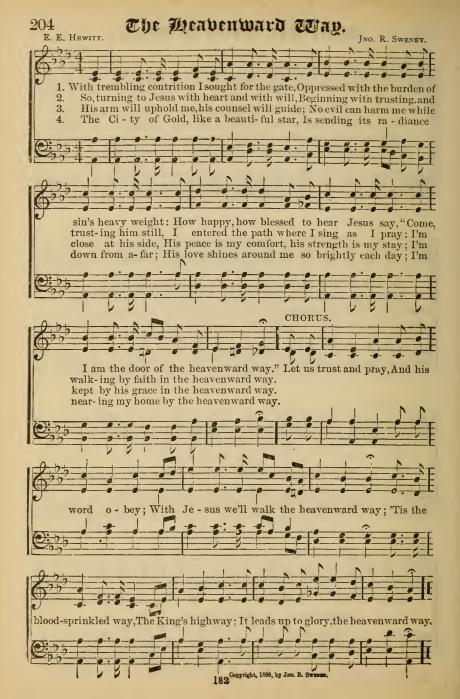
5 I am trusting thee for power,
These can never fail;
Words that thou thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting thee for ever,
And for all.



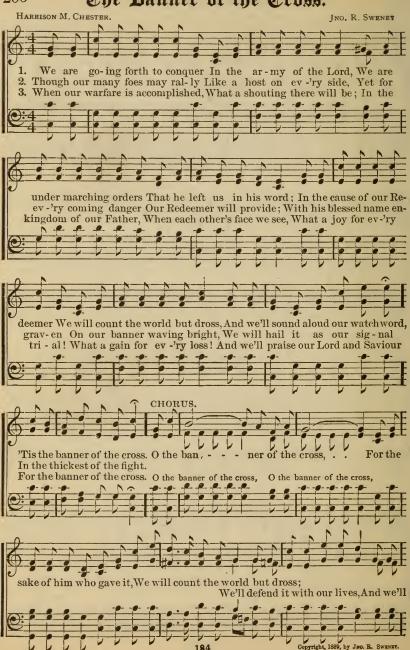
Will You Come to Jesus?





The Conqueror.

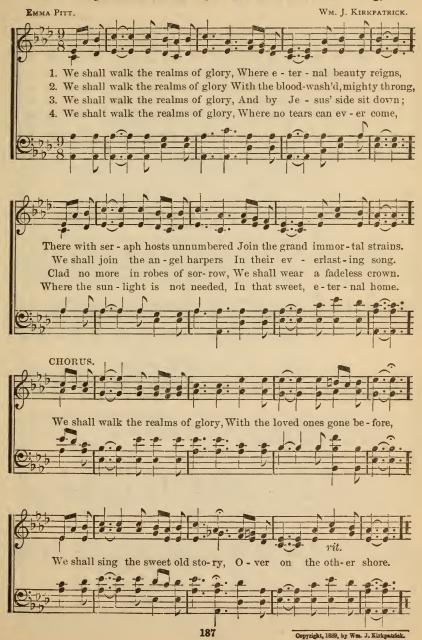








209 We shall Walk the Realms of Glory.



Children of the Kingdom.

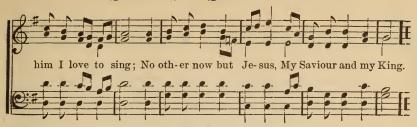


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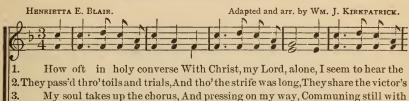


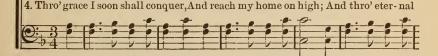
Ro Other Row.—concluded.



215

Hallelujah! Amen.

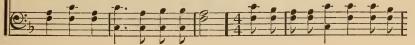




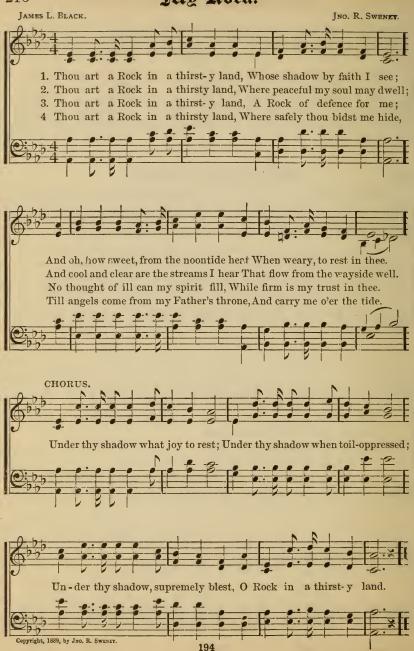


millions That sing around his throne:— Hal-le - lu-jah, a - men. Halle - conquest, And sing the victor's song.

Je-sus, I sing from day to day: a-ges I'll shout beyond the sky:

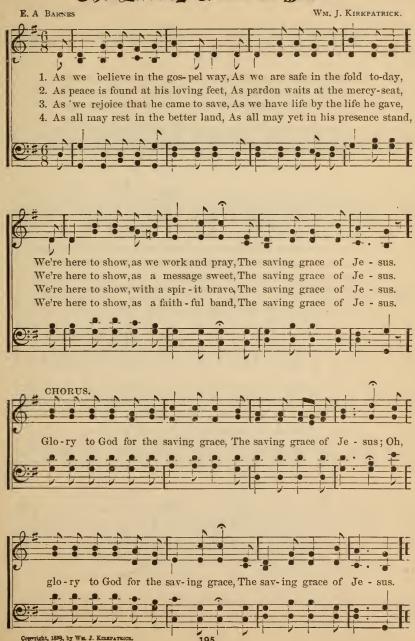




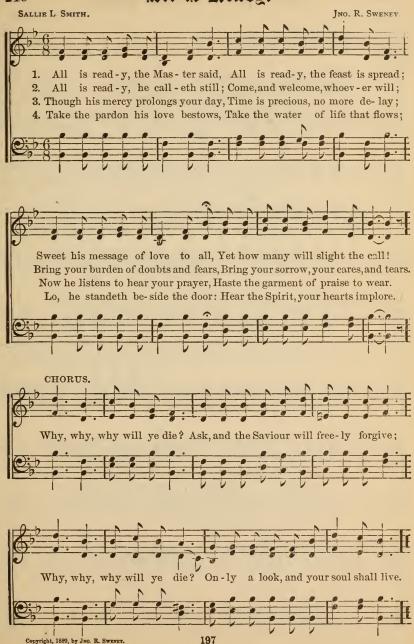


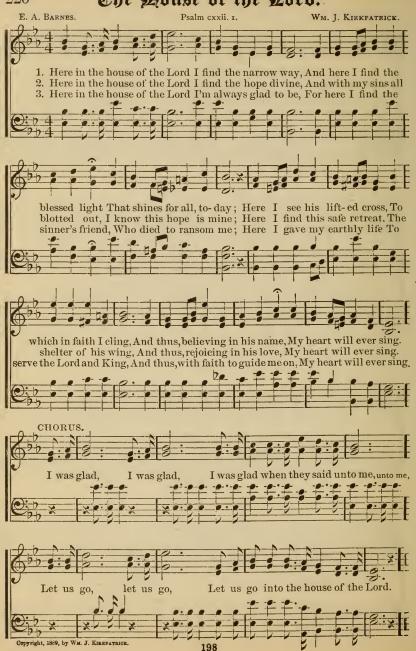
The Saving Grace of Jesus.

217

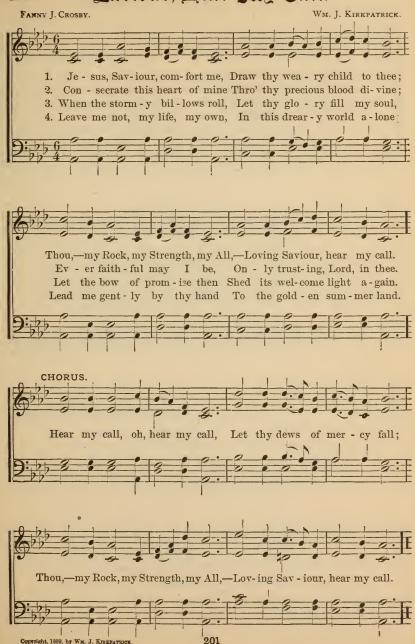


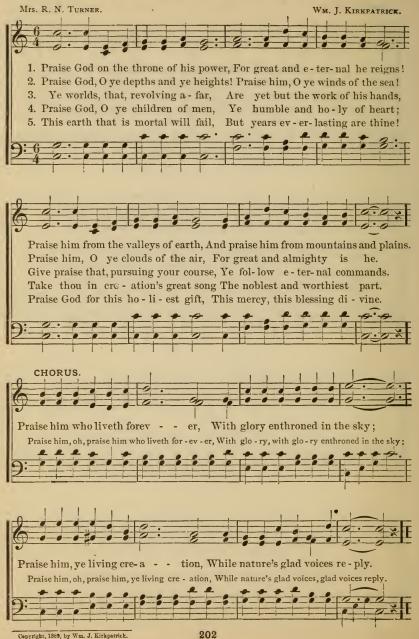












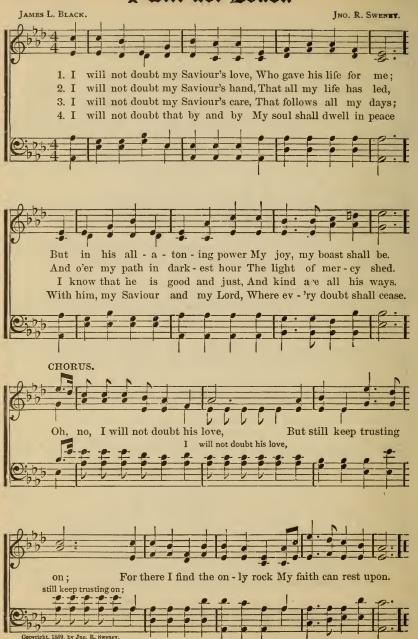




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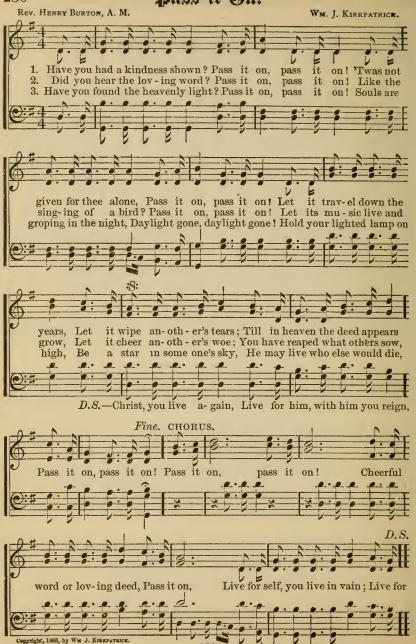
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Come to Jesus while You may. Mrs. C. N. PICKOP. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Je - sus, trembling sin - ner, With your load of guilt oppressed; 1. Come to is read - y, Ten - der, lov - ing words to say; not tar - ry, Haste, while it is called to - day! is waiting, he do 3. Time is fly-ing, not tri - fle, Heed your loving Saviour's call; do Do not lin-ger, Come to Je-sus, he will save you, Come, and he will give you rest. Will you not ac - cept his bless - ing? Give your heart to him to - day? Can you spurn his ten -der plead-ing? Can you turn this friend a-way? In his ten-der heart there's mer-cy, In his arms there's room for all. CHORUS. sus, come to Wea - rv Come to Jе Je sus. come, oh, come to - day, Come, oh, come to - day,

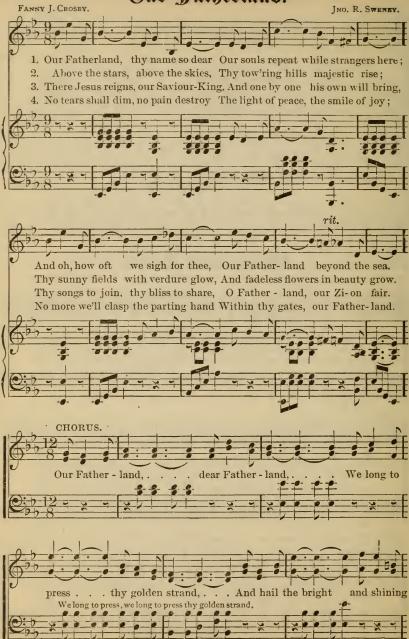




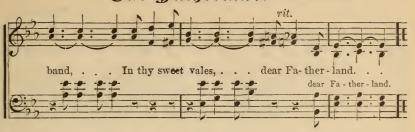






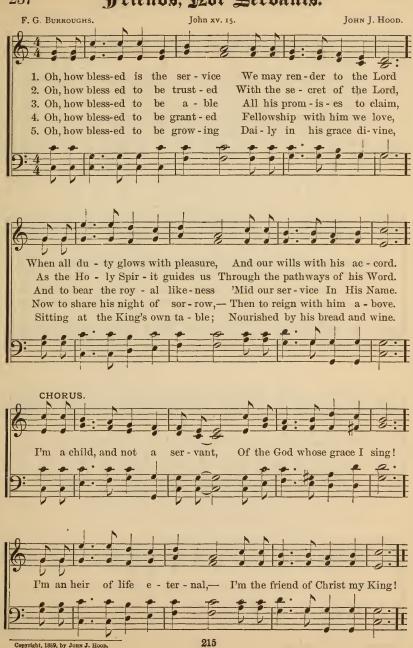


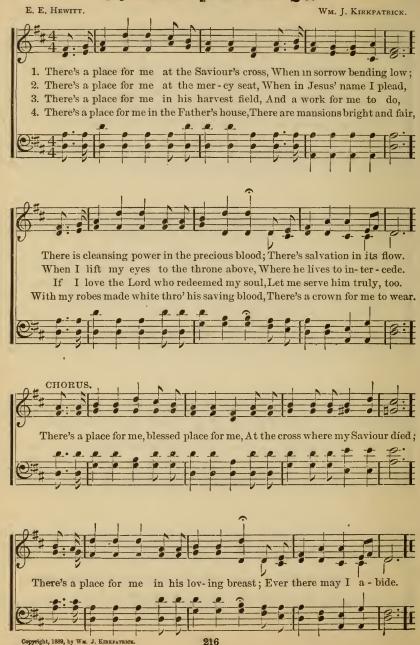
Our Fatherland.—concluded.



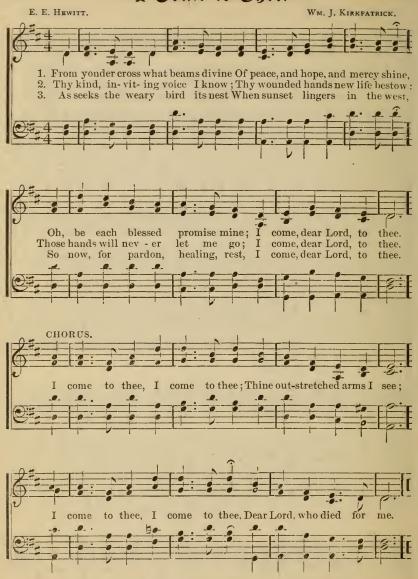












- 4 'Midst pressing care and daily need Thy overruling love I read, For help, thy "present help," I plead; I come, dear Lord, to thee.
- | 5 In weakness be my mighty Tower, My Refuge in temptation's hour; My brightest joy when blessings I come, dear Lord, to thee. [shower;

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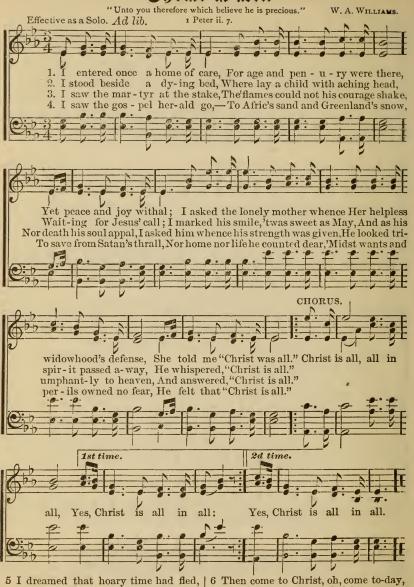


forth the glo - ry of our God, And glad thanksgiv - ing yield. crib - ing wis - dom, power, and might, And glory un - to thee.



Oh, Praise Dis Name Forever. E. R. LATTA. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Oh, praise his name for-ev-er! The wondrous sto-ry tell,
 Oh, praise his name for-ev-er! His life and death be-hold! Йe Of 3. Oh, praise his name for-ev - er! My glad, triumphant soul, laid a-side his glo-ry In human form to dwell! Up-on the world's reall his love and pi-ty How lit-tle can be told! Oh, sin-ner, will you him set free from bondage, By him from sin made whole; When I have earth fordemp-tion The an-gels gaze in vain, But to repentant sin-ners The own him, That he may ransom thee? Or will you still de-ny him, And sak - en, And gained the further shore, I'll tell the sto-ry bet - ter, I'll Spir - it makes it plain. Oh, praise his name for - ev - er, Praise his lost for - ev - er ho - ly name; His goodness fail-eth nev - er, Praise his ho - ly name. Copyright, 1881, by John J. Heod.





5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dissolved this ball,

I saw the church's ransomed throng, I heard the burden of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,

For he will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Saviour, who suffered the thorn-crown for me, All must be blessing that leads me to

225

The Sacred Trio-P

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248 What will the First Greeting be?

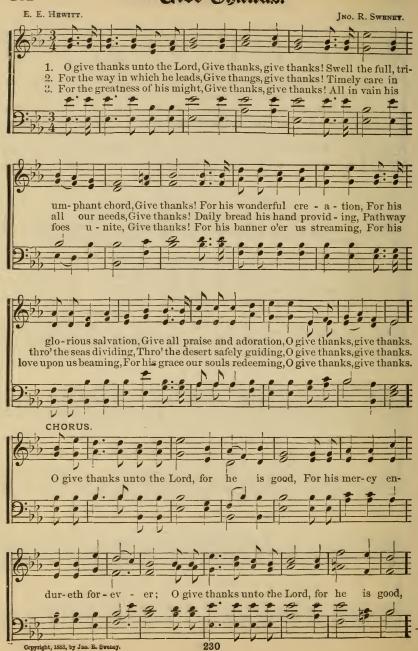






- 4 But God has given us the now,—
 The past himself will take;
 And if to him in faith we go
 He'll save, for Jesus' sake.
- 5 No matter what thy past may be, Just leave that all with Christ; He knows it all, yet calleth thee, And bids thee dare to trust.





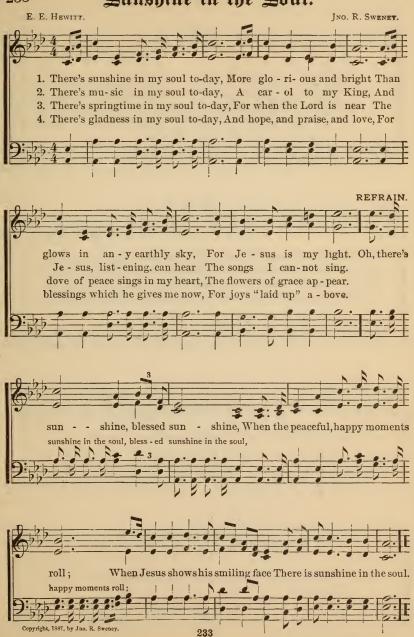
231

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Mrs. W. L. BROWN. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. Oh, why do you linger yet long - er? O sinner, to Jesus draw nigh; 2. The pleasures of earth are delud - ing, They soon, ah, they soon pass away, 3. The darkness of death will o'ertake you, And life with its pleasures be gone; 4. Then look to the Saviour for mer - cy, You've only to look and be-lieve; The Saviour is loving-ly call - ing," Dear sinner, oh, why will ye die?" Thy grasp they are often e - lud - ing, And then, yes, ah, then they de-cay. The hopes that have cheered will forsake you, And leave you in darkness forlorn. His arms are extended to save you; He lov-ing-ly waits to re-ceive. CHORUS. - - ger, why lin - ger, While mer - - cy nigh? Why lin-ger, dear sin - ner, why lin - ger, While mer-cy, while mercy is nigh? die? ger, why lin - ger? Oh, why will Why lin - ger, dear sin - ner, why lin - ger?

232

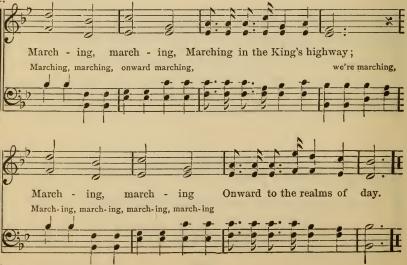
Sunshine in the Soul.







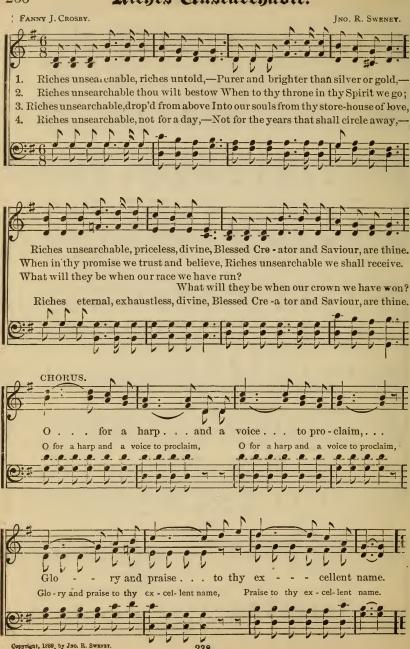
Marching in the King's Highway. SALLIE A. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By countless millions trod, 2. In the way cast up for the ransomed What constant joy we know; 3. In the way cast up for the ransomed, By fountains cool and sweet, 4. In the way cast up by the ransomed, Our pil-grim journey past, In the way of life ev - er - last - ing, We're marching home to God. For the King himself, our Re-deem - er, Is with us while we We are gent-ly led by the Sav-iour To rest our wea-ry We shall see the King in his beau - ty And dwell with him at CHORUS.



236

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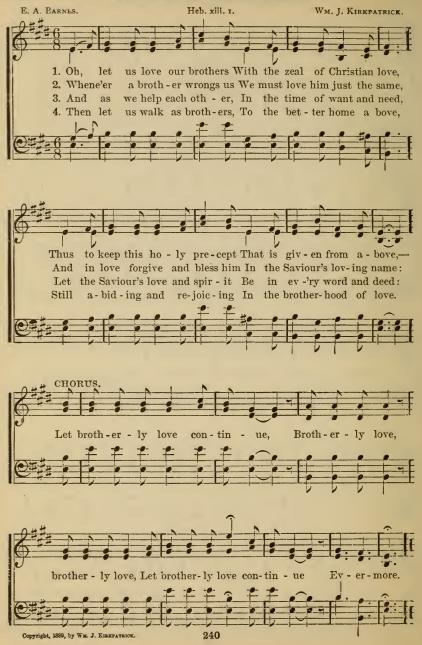


love will receive us there: There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer.

239

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Let Brotherly Love Continuc.





All things are mine, halle - lu - jah! Free-ly mine, free-ly mine;

242

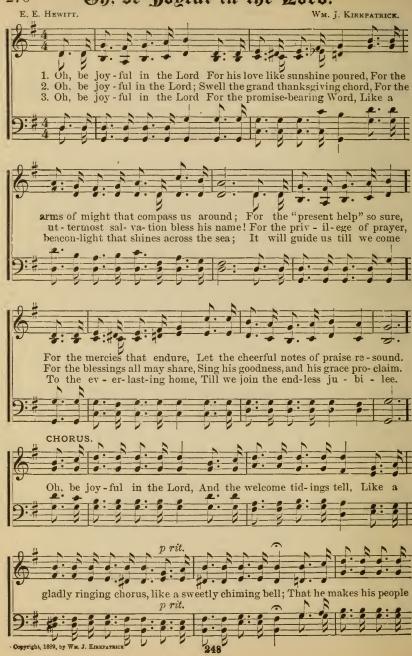
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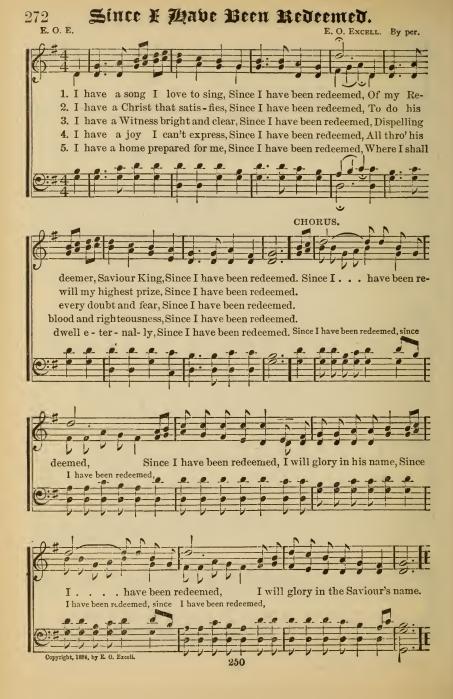






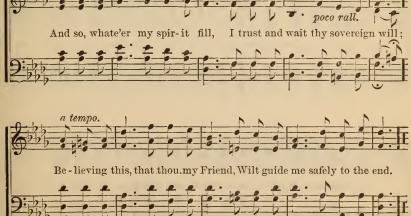






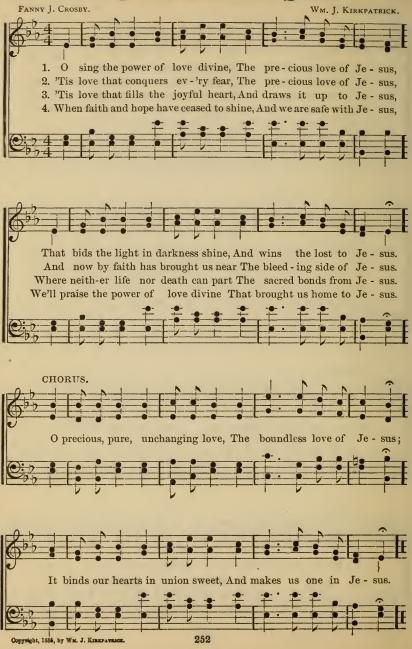
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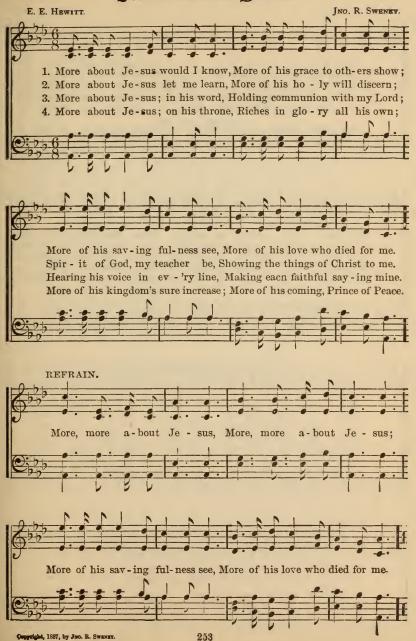
FANNY J. CROSBY.



251

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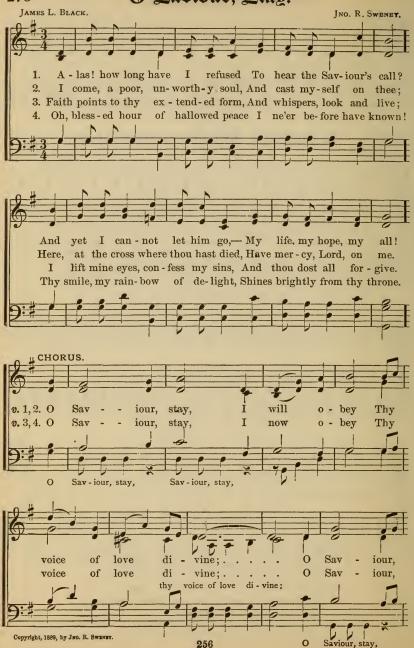








- With bright, gleaming hosts of the sky;
 With reverent spirits we bow down before thee;
 Thy name is exalted most high.
- 4 We praise thee, our Father, our God everlasting; The ages thy glories repeat; The saints in thy mansions with rapture are casting Their starry-gemmed crowns at thy feet.





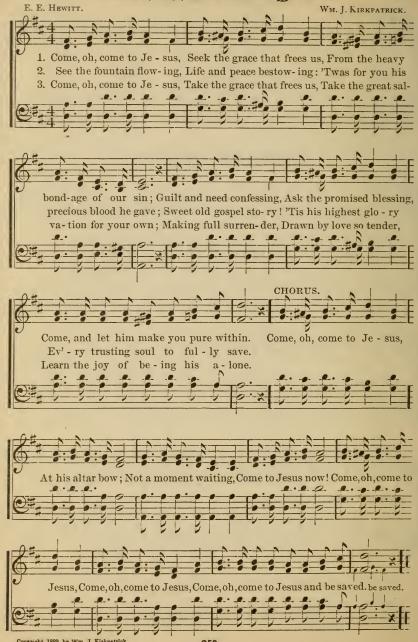
3 Draw me, O Lord, where the friends of the past

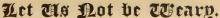
Roam on that bright, sunny plain;

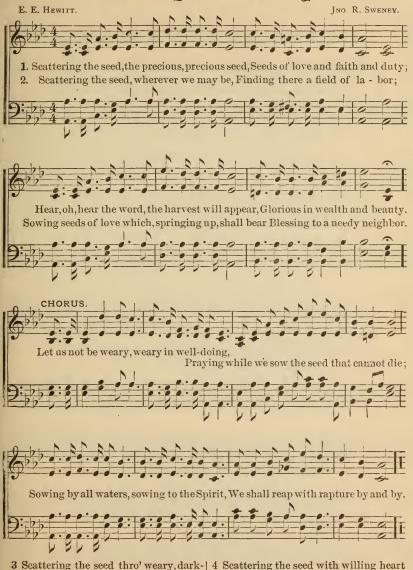
O that my spirit may join them at last, Never to lose them again. 4 Draw me, O Lord, where the faithfug and tried

Labor and sorrow no more;

Draw me away where I hope to abide, Anchored and safe on the shore.







3 Scattering the seed thro' weary, dark some hours,

Long may seem the night of weeping; But the day will dawn of happy harvest time.

Time of everlasting reaping.

4 Scattering the seed with willing heart and hand,

Joyful is the harvest story;

Bringing home the sheaves, we'll shout the jubilee,

To our Lord be all the glory!

281







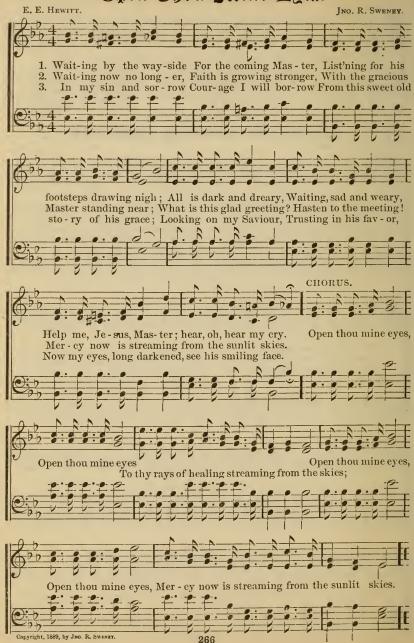
There's a Great Day Coming. W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON. 1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a 2. There's a bright day A bright day com-ing, There's a com-ing, 3. There's a sad day com-ing, sad day com-ing, There's a by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be great day coming bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on-ly come to sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day come? them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come? part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day come? you read - y? are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judgment day? Are you ready? are you ready For the judgment day?

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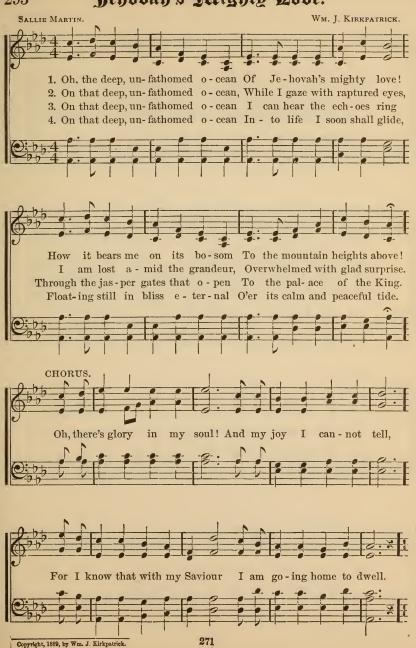


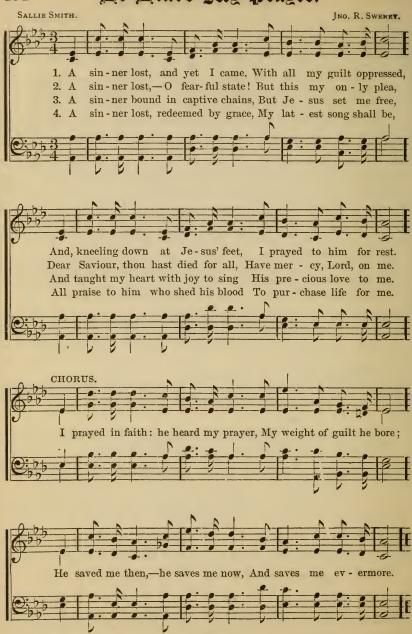






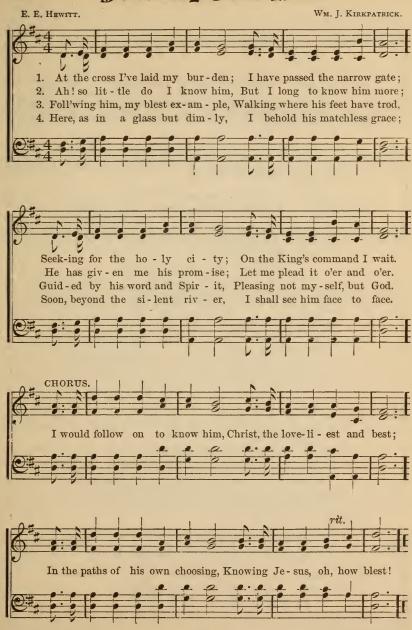


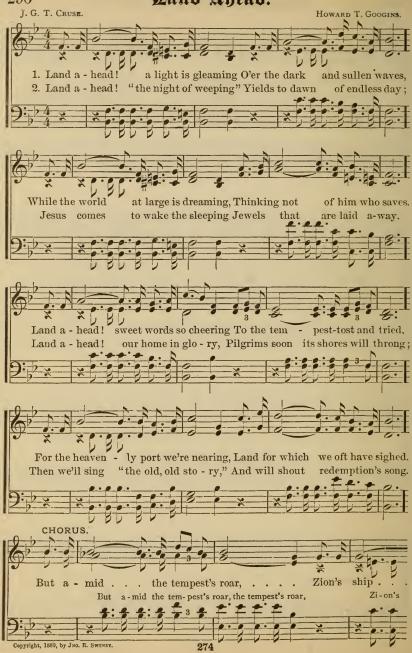




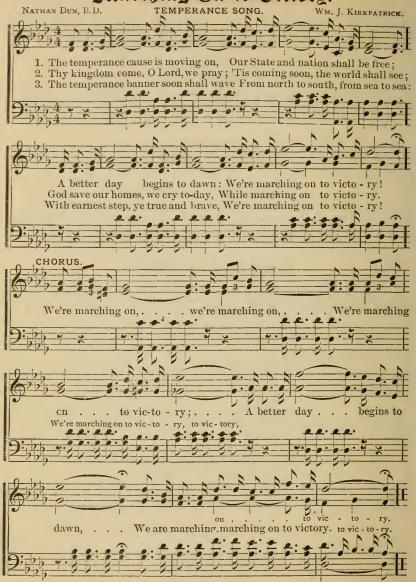
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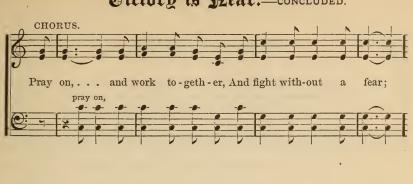


- 4 We soon shall join the glad refrain:
 "The land we love at last is free!
 Hosanna! swell the joyful strain!"
 We're marching on to victory!
- 5 The crowning work will soon be done.
 God speed the coming jubilee!
 Behold, the day is almost won!
 We're marching on to victory!

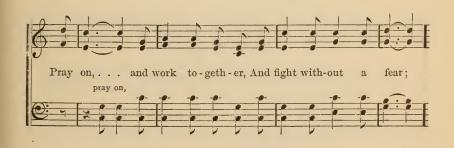




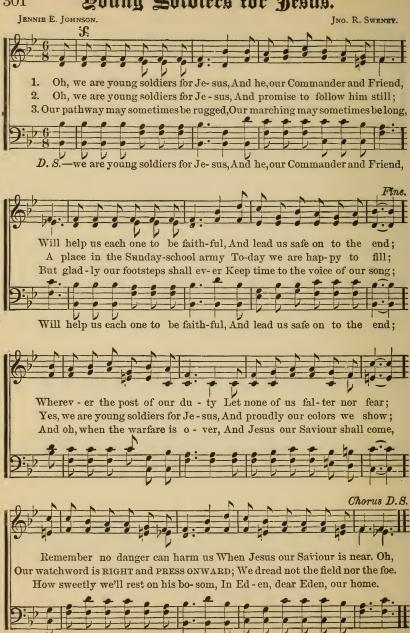
Victory is Dear.—concluded.

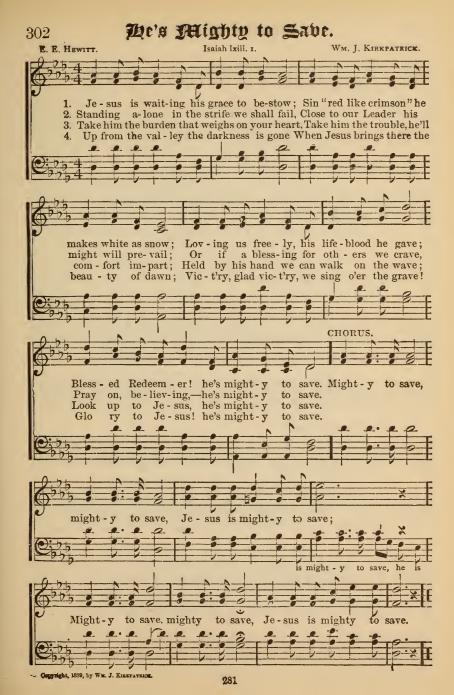




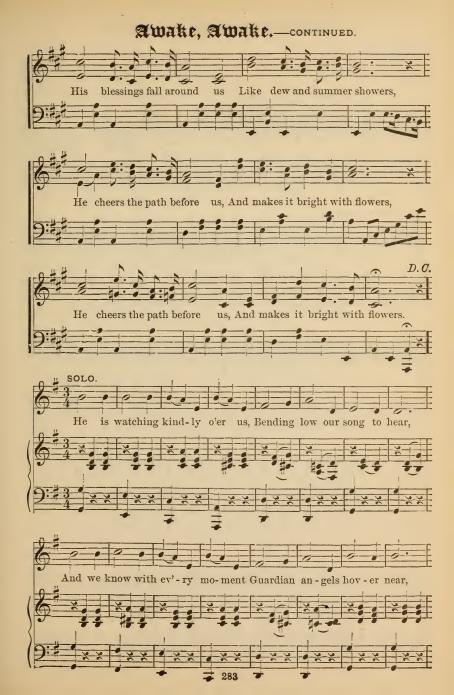




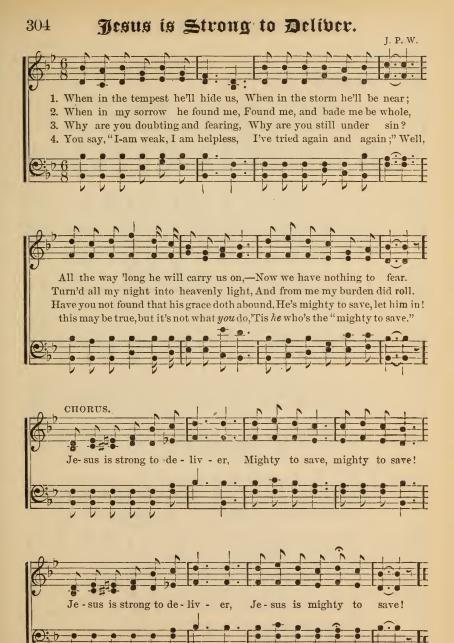








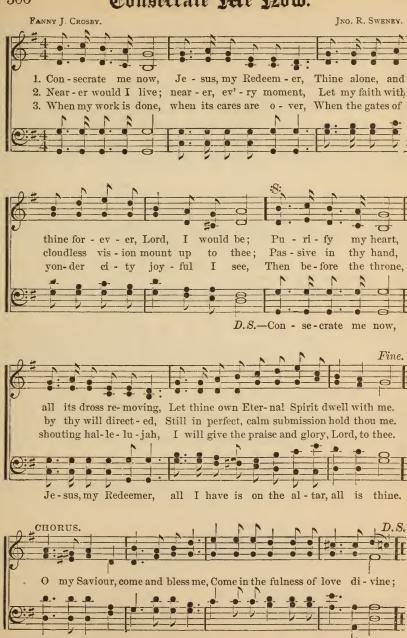




285

From "Highway Songs," by per.

Copyright, 1875, by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICE.





Mrs. J. F. CREWDSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

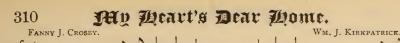


5 An Elim with its coolness,
 Its fountains and its shade;
 A blessing in its fulness,
 When buds of promise fade.

I've seen a rainbow light;
A glory and fruition.
So near!—yet out of sight.

The Sacred Trio- T

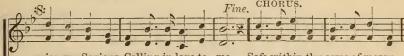




1. When lost among the wild, dark mountains, Far, far from thee, I heard thy gentle 2. When lost among the wild, dark mountains, Sad was my cry. Till softly came the O teach me to adore and praise thee, Saviour divine; Now I have made a

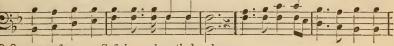
Wherever thou wilt lead, I'll follow Close, close to thee; One prayer alone my





voice, my Saviour, Calling in love to me. Safe within thy arms of mercy, words so tender, "Fear not, for here am I." full sur-render, All that I am is thine.

soul is breathing, Saviour, abide with me.



D.S.—peace forey-er, Safe in my heart's dear home.



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311

Jesus Sought Me.

Tune above.

1 Long, weary years in sin I wandered, And my exulting soul finds favor Far from the fold:

Till Christ, the loving Shepherd, found Out in the midnight cold.

Hungry and thirsty then he led me Where waters flow,

And with refreshing manna fed me, He washed me white as snow.

Сно.—Vain, delusive world, forever, Now I sing farewell,

Jesus, my loving Saviour, keeps me, His love I'll gladly tell.

2 O for a heart to praise my Saviour! For he has died,

Close to his bleeding side:

There may I cling through life, and never Grieve him away,

And in those heavenly mansions ever Spend an eternal day.

3 Salvation thrills my soul with glad-Praise ye the Lord! ness;

No more I'll yield again to sadness, But trust in the blessed Word.

To Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, All three in one,

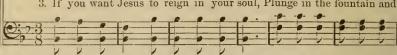
Be glory through a Saviour's merit, Ever thy will be done.

291

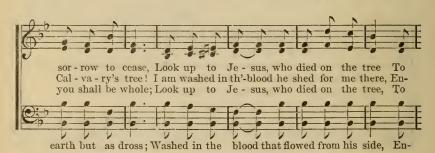
-Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

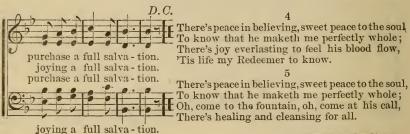


3. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and



Cho.—Liv-ing be-neath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of

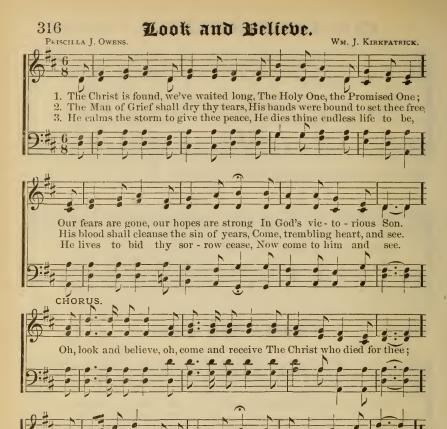




From " Highway Songs," by per.







The Son

Copyright, 1889, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Just as thou art.

is the Son

1 Just as thou art, without one trace Of love, or joy, or inward grace, Or meetness for the heavenly place, O guilty sinner, come.

of Man

2 Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?

Trust not the world; it gives no rest; Christ brings relief to hearts opprest— O weary sinner, come.

3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross; Count all thy gains but empty dross; His grace o'erpays all earthly loss— O needy sinner, come.

of God; Come, doubting heart, and see.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears; 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears; O trembling sinner, come.

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who thirsts, who faints, who will, may
come;

Thy Saviour calls thee, come!

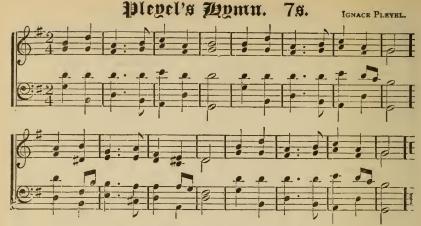


ev - er shall be. World without end. A - men.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and





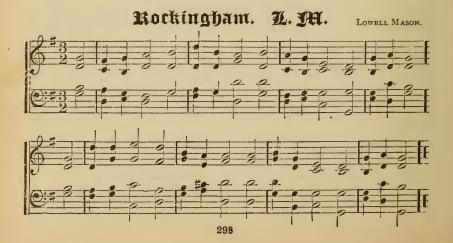


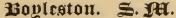
322 Gracious Spirit, love divine.

- I GRACIOUS Spirit, love divine, Let thy light within me shine! All my guilty fears remove; Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me; Set the burdened sinner free; Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart; Seal salvation on my heart; Breathe thyself into my breast, Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from thee stray; Keep me in the narrow way; Fill my soul with joy divine; Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

323 Holy Ghost, with light divine.

- I HOLY GHOST, with light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine; Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness into day.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine; Long hath sin, without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine; Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down every idol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone.







324 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

- I LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord In our appointed place, And wait the promise of our Lord,— The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind; One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above; [fire,
 And give us hearts and tongues of
 To pray, and praise, and love.
- 5 Spirit of light! explore, And chase our gloom away, With luster shining more and more, Unto the perfect day.

325 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 With energy divine,
 And on this poor, benighted soul
 With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills Light, life, and joy dispense; And may I daily, hourly, feel Thy quickening influence.
- 3 O melt this frozen heart,
 This stubborn will subdue;
 Each evil passion overcome,
 And form me all anew.
- 4 The profit will be mine,
 But thine shall be the praise;
 Cheerful to thee will I devote
 The remnant of my days.

326 Come, Holy Spirit.

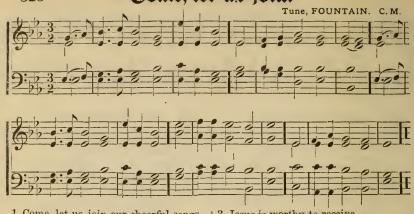
Tune, Rockingham, opposite page.

- I COME, Holy Spirit, raise our songs To reach the wonders of that day, When, with thy fiery, cloven tongues Thou didst such glorious scenes display.
- 2 Lord, we believe to us and ours, The apostolic promise given; We wait the pentecostal powers, The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.
- 3 Assembled here with one accord, Calmly we wait the promised grace, The purchase of our dying Lord; Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.
- 4 If every one that asks, may find, If still thou dost on sinners fall, Come as a mighty, rushing wind; Great grace be now upon us all.
- 5 O leave us not to mourn below, Or long for thy return to pine; Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow, And fix in us the Guest divine.

327 O Spirit of the Living God.

Tune, Rockingham, opposite page.

- I O SPIRIT of the living God, In all thy plenitude of grace, Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love, To preach the reconciling word; Give power and unction from above, Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light; Confusion—order, in thy path; [might; Souls without strength, inspire with Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh The triumphs of the cross record; The name of Jesus glorify. Till every kindred call him Lord.



- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their
 But all their joys are one. [tongues,
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they
 "To be exalted thus!" [cry,
- "Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive

 Honor and power divine;

 And blessings more than we can gi
 - And blessings more than we can give Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one, To bless the sacred name Of him that sits upon the thron-And to adore the Lamb.



SHOWERS OF BLESSING:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"There shall be showers of blessing."
—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

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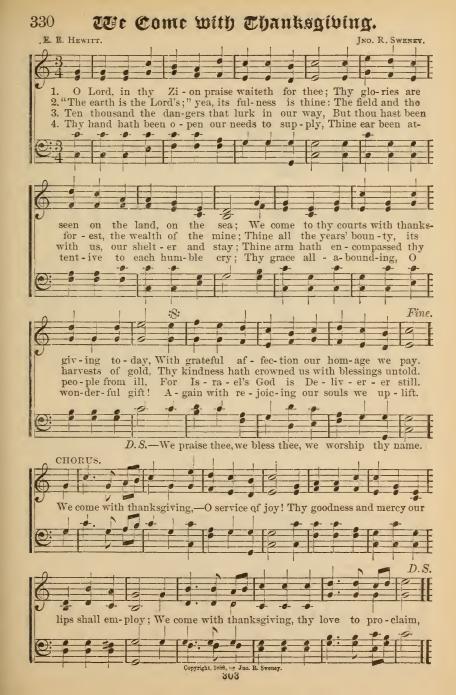
That the heavenly Showers of Blessing may accompany our work as it goes forth to its field of usefulness is the prayer of

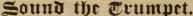
THE EDITORS.

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THE PUBLISHER.







Rev. John O. Foster, A. M. 332INO. R. SWENEY. The Lord is my banner and the Lord is my King; We'll shout in his The Lord is my Saviour, my Redeem - er from sin, The light of his 3. The Lord is my refuge when temptations a-rise, When clouds of thick 4. From-the Rock that was smitten," that is higher than I," Come streams of salpresence and his prais - es we'll sing: My Rock of Sal-vation, he is presence makes me joy-ful with-in; The sun-light of glo-ry has il-darkness o-ver-sha-dow the skies; When tempests are blowing and the vation from the throne in the sky: We'll hon- or the Saviour for his might - y to save From sin and temptation and from death and the grave. lumined my soul, And-the gift of his Spirit makes me per - fect - ly whole. dark billows roll: I'm hid - ing in Je-sus, and have peace in my soul. in - fi-nite love, And work till he calls us to his prais - es CHORUS. of his mer - cy and we'll trust Then we'll sing in his word. Then we'll sing of his mercy and we'll trust in his word, Then we'll sing of his mercy and we'll trust in his word, jah to the praise And shout halle - lu of the Lord. And shout hal-le-lu-jah to the praise of the Lord, to the praise, to the praise of the Lord. Copyright, 1868, by Jno. R. Swency The Sacred Trio-U 305

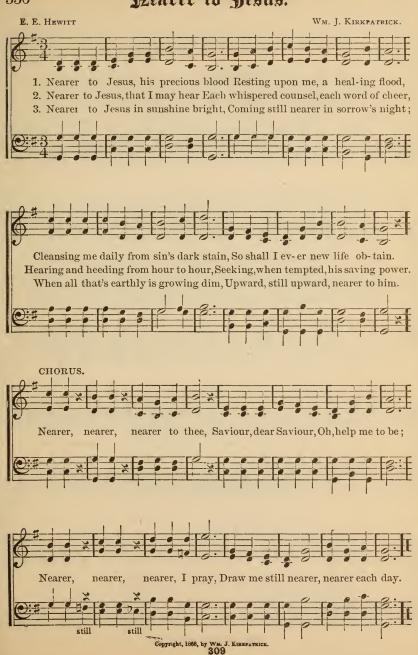


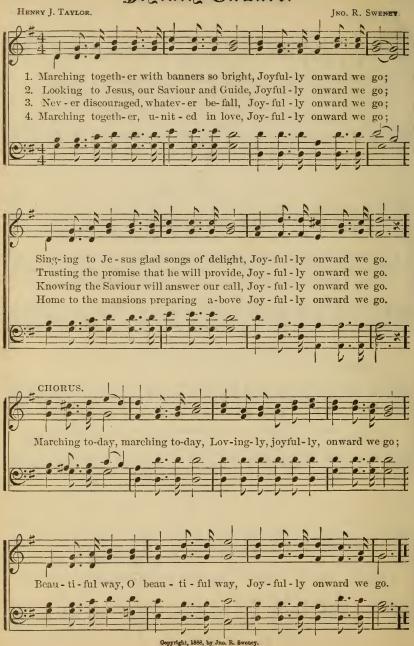


335 Who would not Know the Saviour? E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R SWENEY. 1. I have a gracious Master, He helps me ev'ry day, When golden light is 2. I have a Friend so faithful, So tender and so true: His love to me is 3. I have a mighty Saviour My utmost need to meet, His blood is perfect sparkling, When all the sky is gray; His teaching is so pa-tient: He boundless, His power is boundless too; He nev - er will forsake me, This cleansing, I stand in him complete; O Saviour, Friend almighty, I tells me what to do, And binds in his glad service My heart to his a-new. precious truth I know; His word cannot be broken, And he has told me so. long to love thee more, And better, sweeter praises Unceasingly out-pour. CHORUS Who would not know this Sav-iour, This Mas - ter and this Friend? Oh, will you not ac-cept him Whose love can nev - er end?

308

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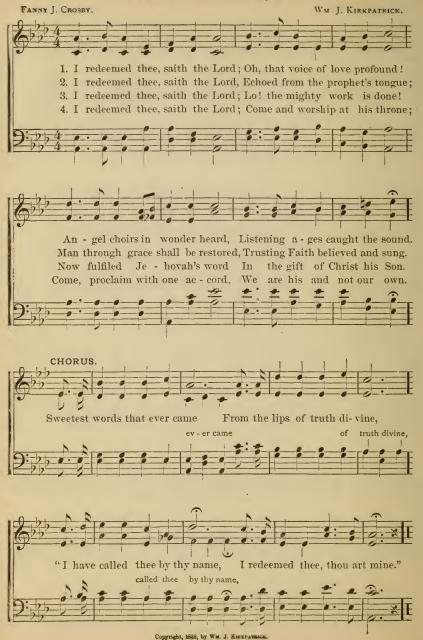




Precious Name of Jesus.

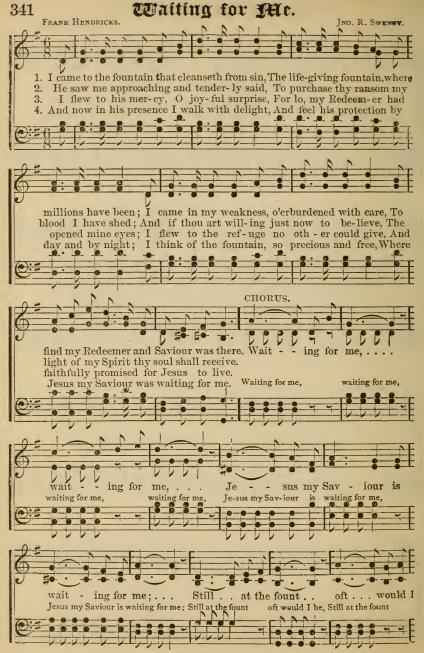


- 4 Jesus! let me hear that name In my hour of pain and grief, Over all my troubled soul Casting then its sweet relief.
- 5 Jesus! when I say farewell
 To all else I hold most dear,
 May that hallowed name of names
 Fall upon my listening ear.



Wave Compassion, Lord.

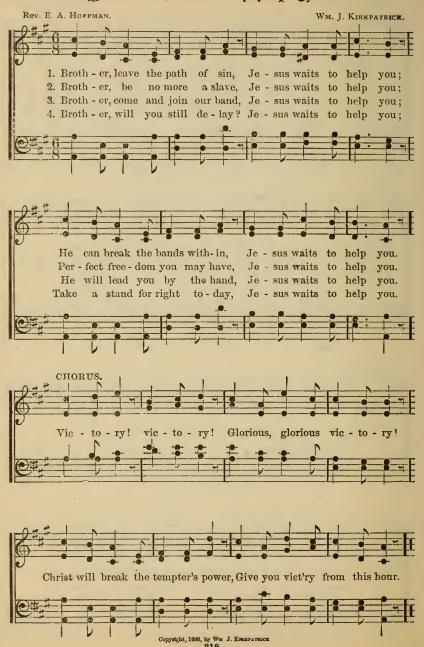






A triumphant, hap-py band, Marching on to the kingdom of God.



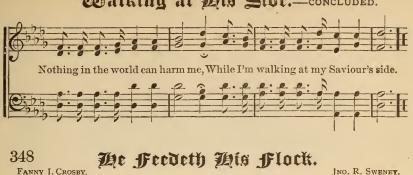


Come and Trust my Saviour.





Walking at Wis Side.—concluded.



He Feedeth His Flock.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

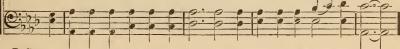


- O sweet is the voice of my Shepherd, Who leadeth me day by
- 2. When far from myShepherd I wandered, Alone on the mountain cold,
- 3. And tho' I may walk thro' the shadow, No e vil can harm me there;
 - O sweet is the voice of my Shepherd, No other so kind he:





Who cov-ers my life with his mer-cy, And loving-ly guides my way. He carried me home from the darkness To rest in his own dear fold. His rod and his staff are my com-fort, He maketh my soul his care. The wonderful, wonder - ful Shepherd, Who laid down his life for me!

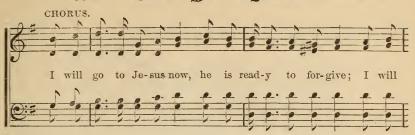


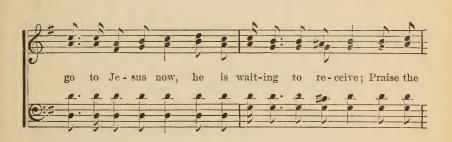
D.S.—He feedeth his flock by the li - lies, In beauti - ful vales that grow.

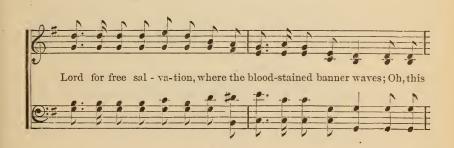


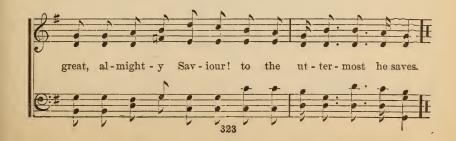


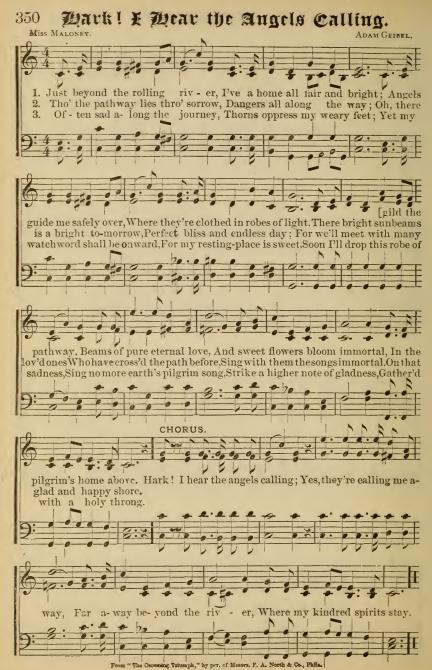
k will Go to Jesus Low.—concluded.







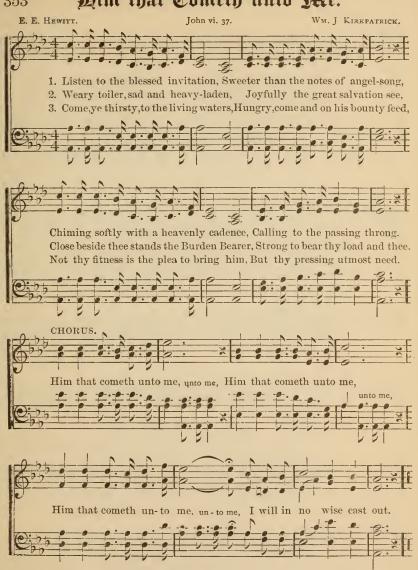




351 Send Out thy Light and Truth.







or sinful. Cometh for his healing touch divine,

For the cleansing of the blood so precious, Prove anew this gracious line.

4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed | 5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour, Breathing all the heart to him in [mansions Coming some day to the heavenly

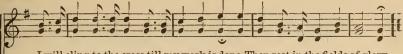
He will give thee welcome there.







F will Eling to the Gross.—concluded.



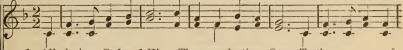
I will cling to the cross till my work is done, Then rest in the fields of glory.



Hymn to the Trinity. 357

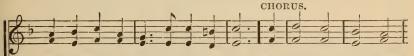
Rev. Jos. H MARTIN, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. All-glorious God and King, Thou everlasting One, To thee our song of
- 2. One God, and One a-lone, The sacred, blessed Three, Ex-alt ed on thy
- 3. Almighty God, Most High, Low at thy feet we fall, Thy name we bless and
- 4. By ransomed saints in heaven, And all th'angelic host, Be glo ry to the





praise we bring, The Father, Spir - it, Son. We'll praise thee, bless thee, ho - ly throne, We laud and worship thee.

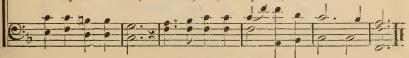
mag - ni - fy, Con-fess thee Lord of all.

Father given, The Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

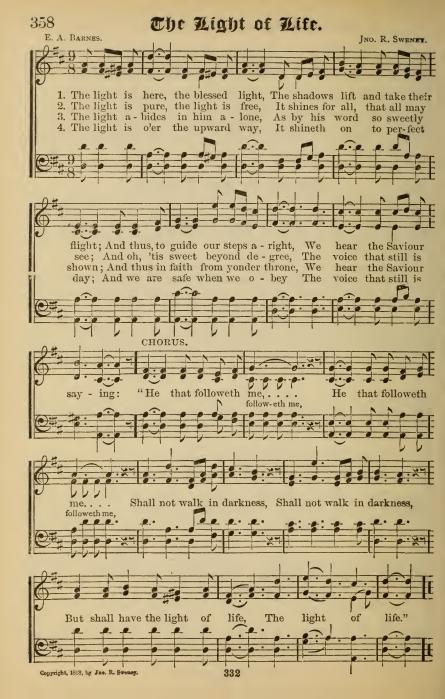




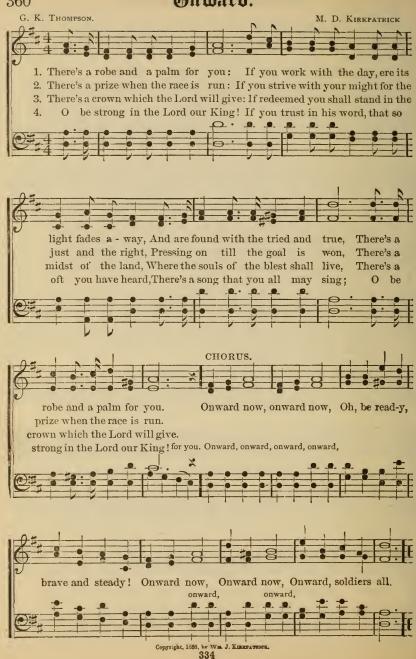
worship and a - dore, Father, Son, and Spir - it, For - ev - er - more.



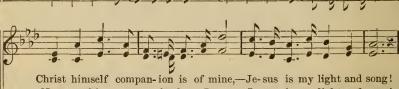
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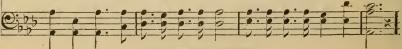








Now on him my ev-'ry hope I stay,—Je-sus is my light and song! I shall Jordan breast without a fear, - Je-sus is my light and song! Love that gained the victo-ry for me; Je-sus is my light and song!





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flow on.—concluded.

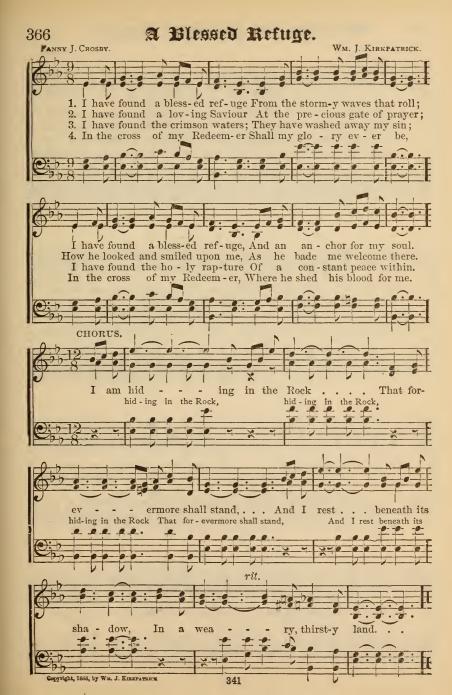




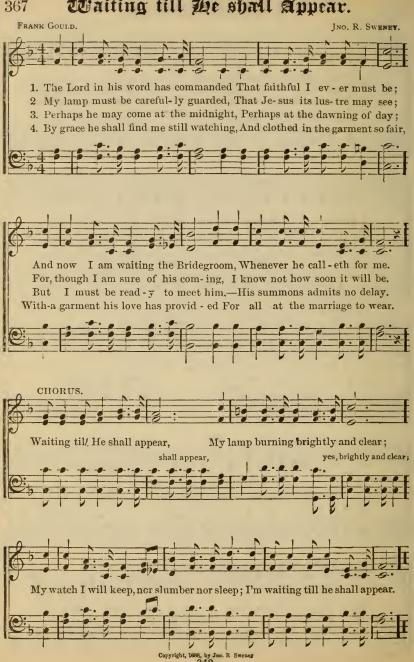
2 'Neath the cross I see thee bending, To the place of skulls ascending, None attending, none befriending,

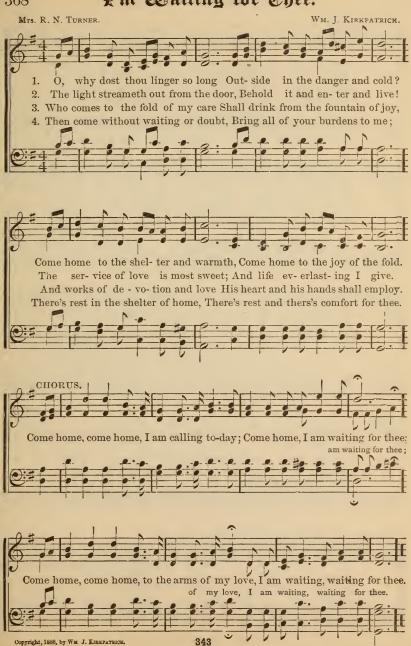
All for me, all for me;
Now my heart with thy life beating
To each cross shall give glad greeting,
While my lips are still repeating
All for thee, all for thee.

5 In thy Father's glory sharing,
And the crown of ages wearing,
Thou art now a home preparing
All for me, all for me;
With the souls of thy befriending,
Saved from sorrow never-ending
Shall my song be heard ascending
All for thee, all for these



Waiting till He shall Appear.

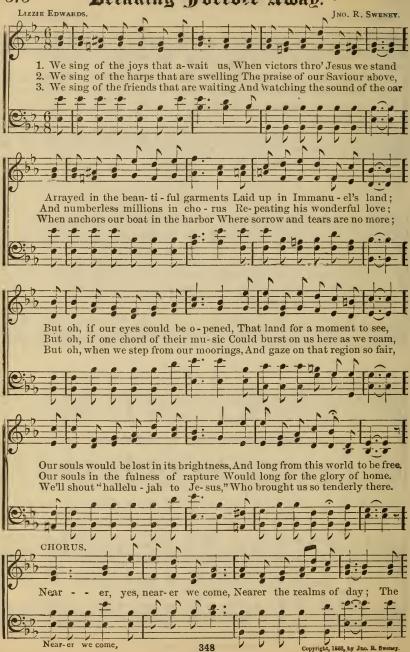




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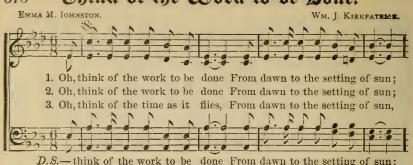


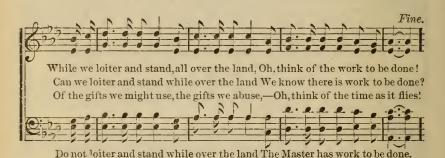


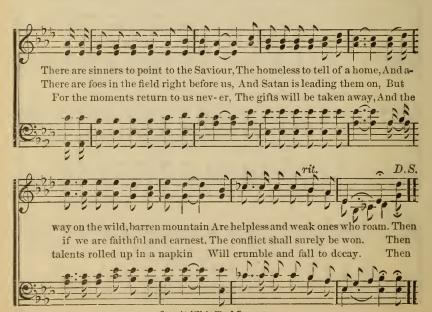




375 Think of the Work to be Done.







1. What-so-ev - er bur-den presses on thy heart, Take it to thy Saviour,

JNO. R. SWENEY.

2. What-so-ev - er plea thou bringest in his name, Oh, the precious promise,

3. What-so-ev - er work thy hand may find to do For our loving Mas-ter,

4. What-so-ev - er bid-ding find we in his word, Whatsoev - er pre-cept





he will peace impart, What-so-ev - er sor-row, whatso-ev - er fear, through all years the same! Whatso-ev - er plea, ac - cording to his will, service good and true, Faithful be and earnest; "do it with thy might," of our blessed Lord, He who giveth ev - er strength as needs each day



D.S.—Oh, the love of Je-sus! Oh, his grace divine!



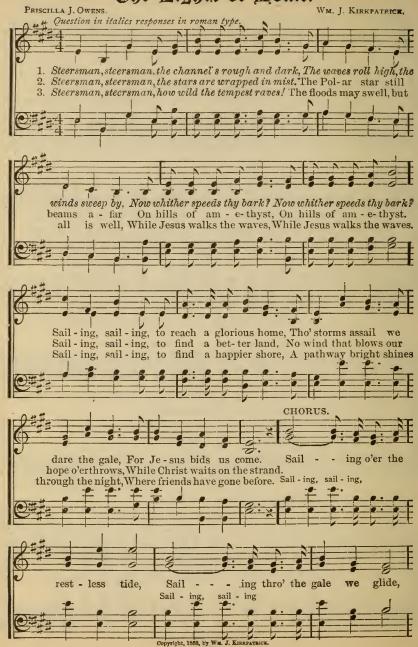
Take it to thy Saviour, he will help and cheer. Whoso - ev - er cometh Pray, the Father hears thee, and will answer still.

Work while sunshine lingers, soon will come the night. Surely he will make us a-ble to o_- bey.

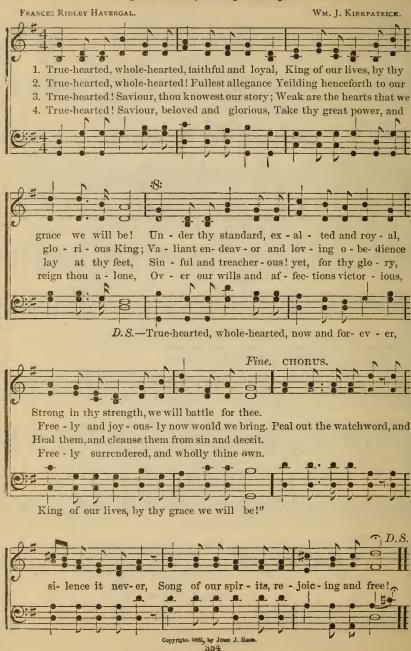


Kingdom, power and glory, Lord, be ev- er thine





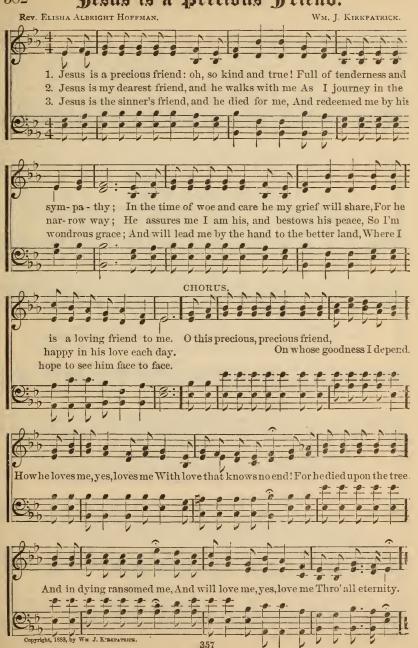








Jesus is a Precious Friend.









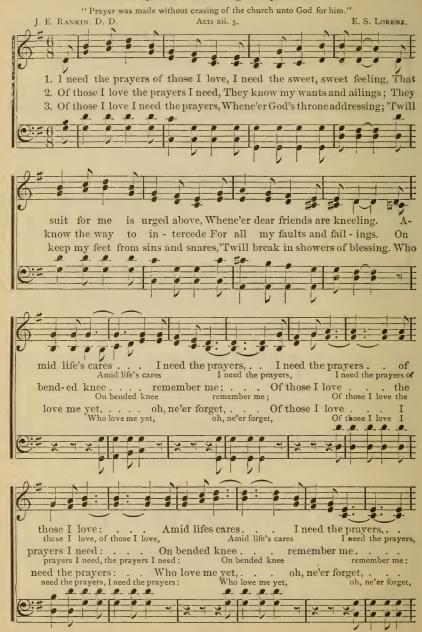


Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,

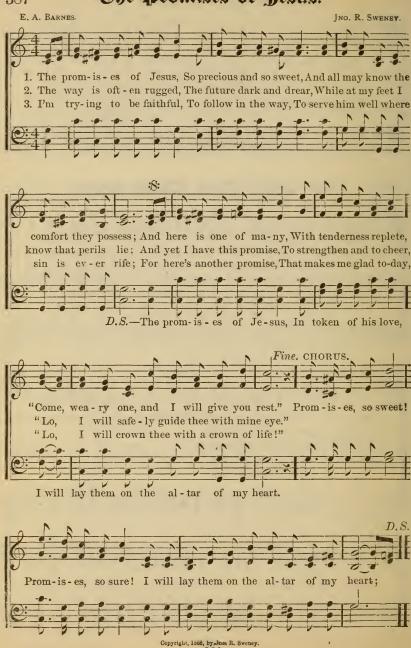


new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there. white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there. won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

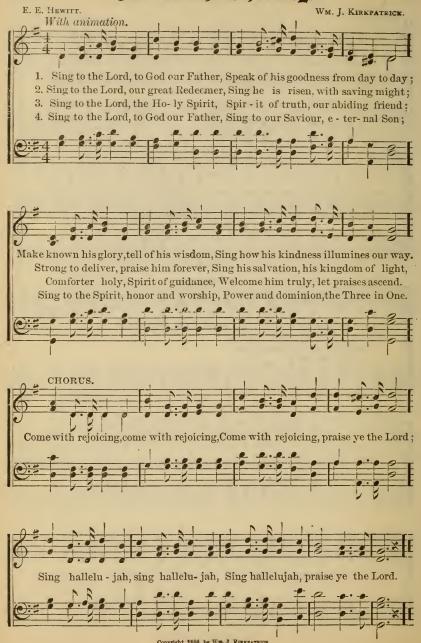
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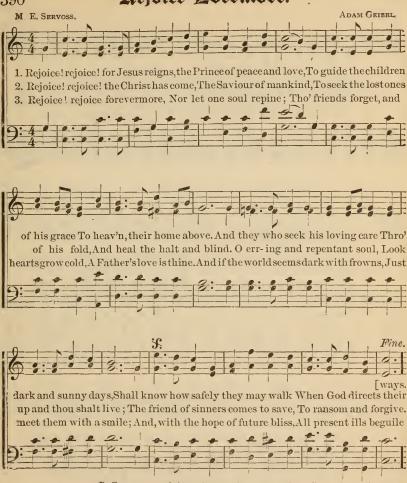




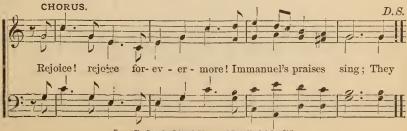


363





D.S.—must rejoice who surely know That Jesus is their King.



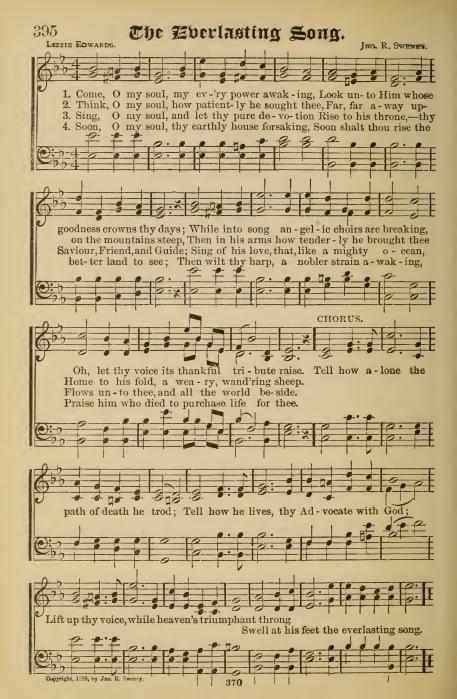


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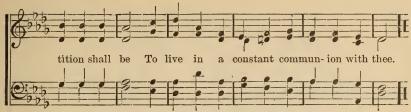




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Communion with Thee.—concluded.













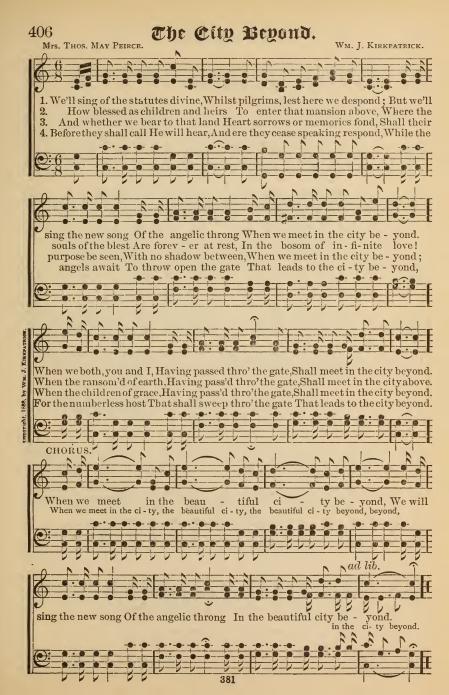


is free, And oh, I am hap-py, dear Saviour, in thee.

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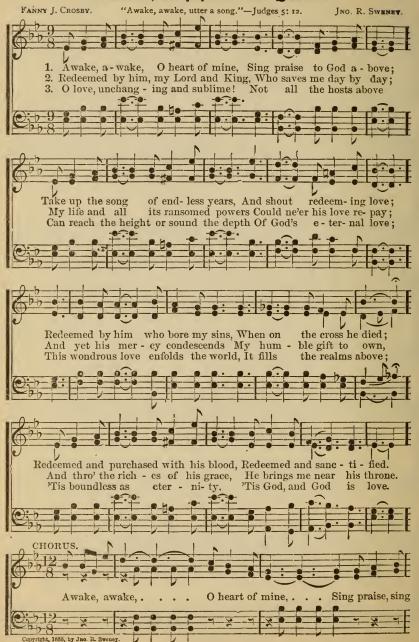
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Awake, O Heart of Mine.







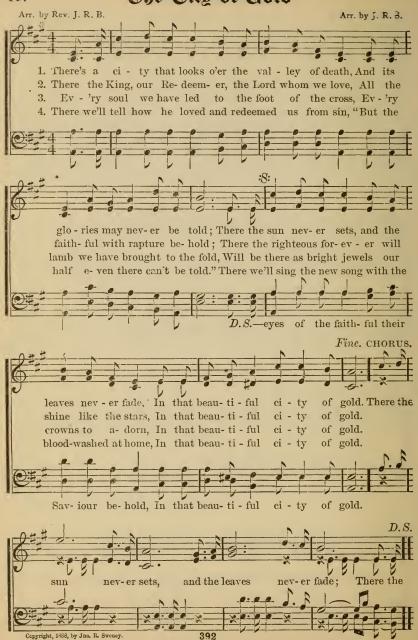


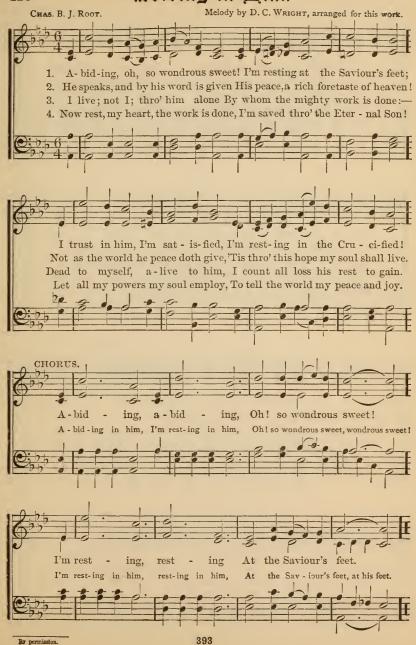
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390

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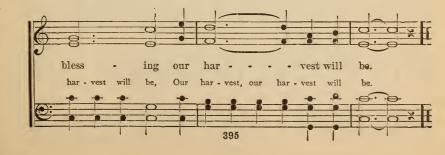
Jne. R. Swency.

Toiling for Thee.—concluded.

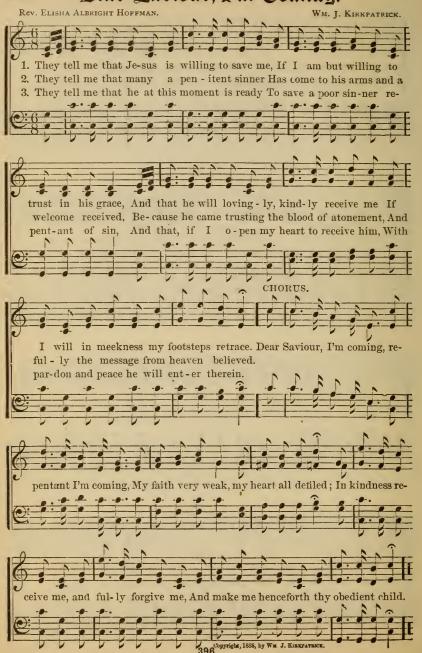






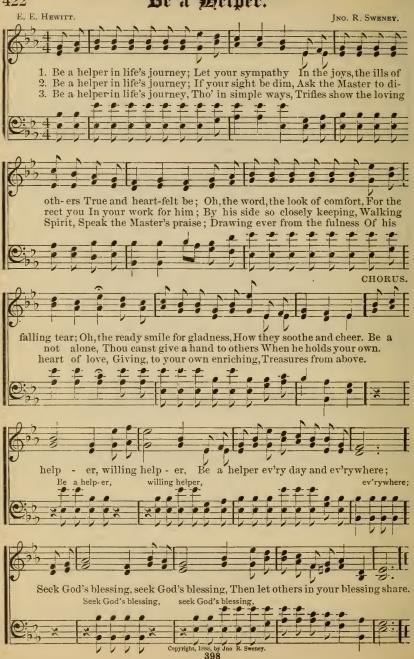


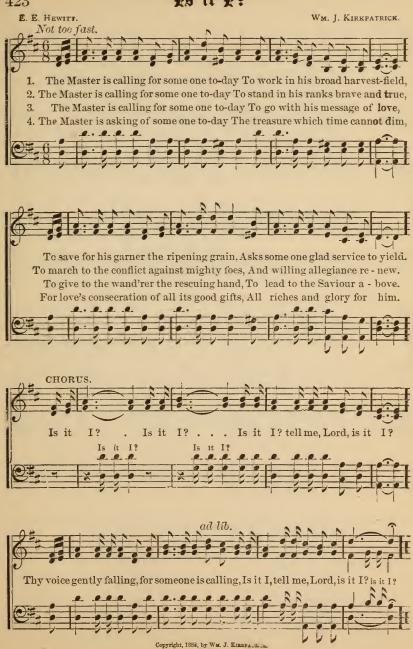
Dear Saviour, I'm Coming.



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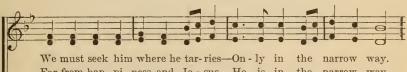






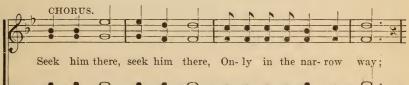
425

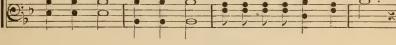
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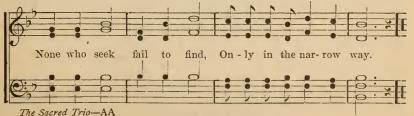


Far from hap - pi · ness and Je - sus,—He is the narrow way. And they nev- er meet with Je-sus,-He is in the narrow way. You can find the bless-ed Je-sus On-ly in the narrow way.







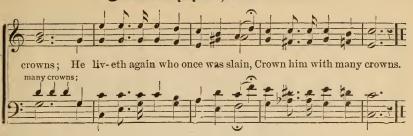


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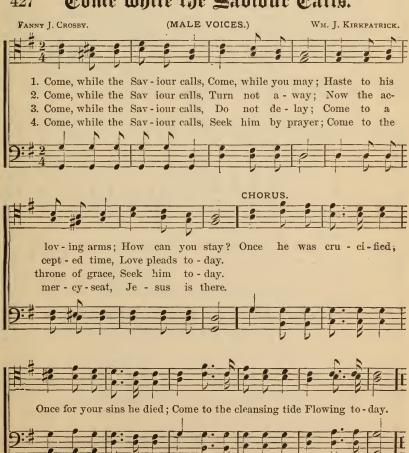
426 Crown Him with Many Crowns.



Crown Him, etc.—concluded



Come while the Saviour Calls. 427



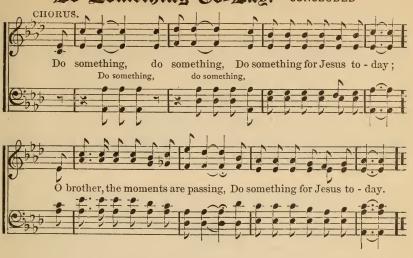
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Do Something To-Day.—concluded





407

For all things serve thy sovereign will.

Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now

Can hurt whom God delights to save?

6 O Death! where is thy sting? where

Who shall contend with God? or who

Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

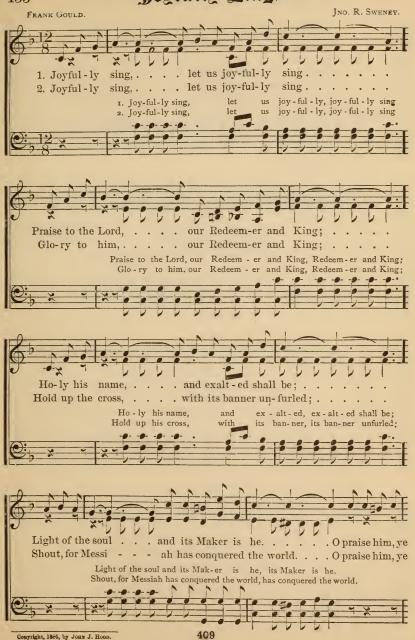
So shall each murmuring thought be

And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,

As clouds before the midday sun.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone,



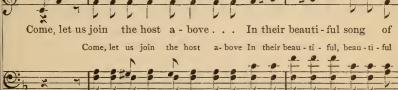


Joyfully Sing .— CONTINUED.



Joyfully Sing .— concluded.



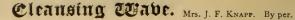






Once More.—concluded.







1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;

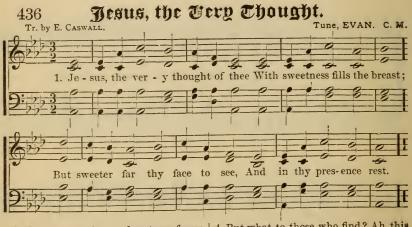
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh. it cleanseth me!

Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me; It cleanseth me-yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light, Above the world of sin, With heart made pure, and garments And Christ enthroned within

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below To feel the blood applied; And Jesus, only Jesus, know, My Jesus crucified.



Nor can the memory find

A sweeter sound than Jesus' name, The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart, O Joy of all the meek,

To those who ask, how kind thou art! How good, to those who seek! 414

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame, 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:

The love of Jesus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be; In thee be all our glory now, And through eternity.

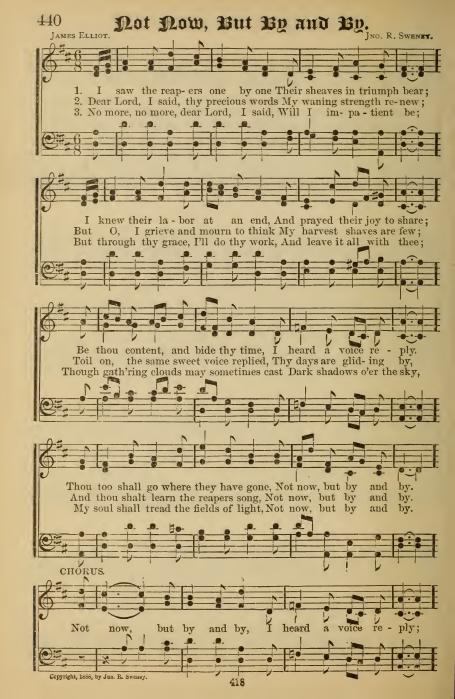
On the Road, Going Home.



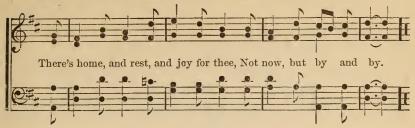
- As we sing, as we sing; May our lamps be brightly burning, For the King, for the King.
- 4 May our souls with love be yearning | 5 We are waiting till his message Bids us come, bids us come; But we'll live and work for Jesus, Going home, going home.

Go thou forth where du - ty calls thee, Truth's eternal sword to wield.





Not Now, But By and By.—concluded.



441 A Bright Home in Glory,



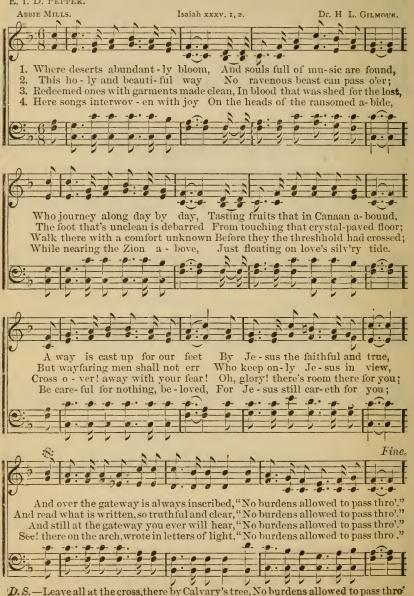


We Greet You All.—concluded.



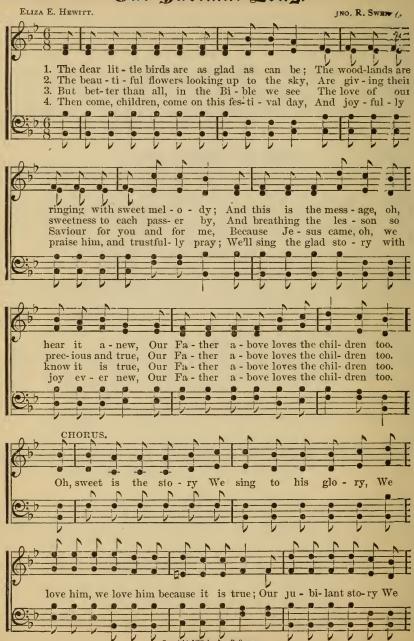
443 No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

A London gateway is inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." The same words are inscribed in living light over the gate into the "Highway of Holiness."—Rev. E. I. D. PEPPER.

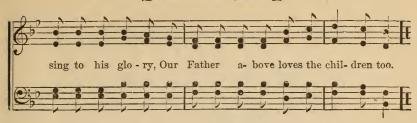


Ro Burdens Allowed .— concluded.

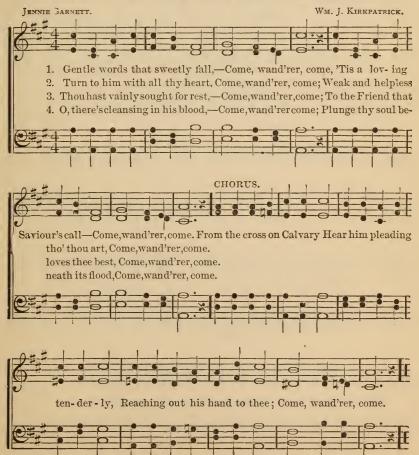




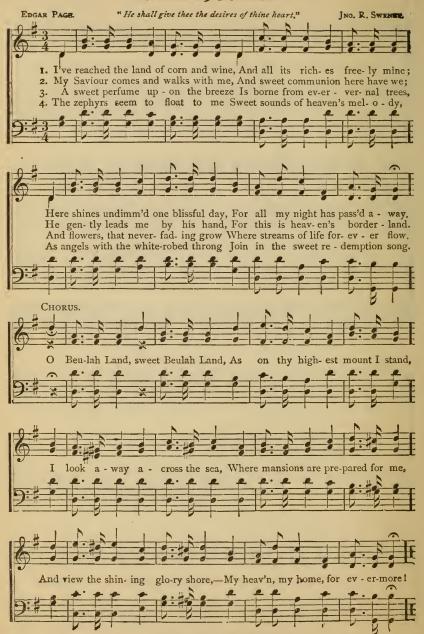
Our Jubilant Song .- CONCLUDED.



446 Gentle Words that Sweetly Fall.

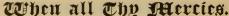


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Blessed Assurance.









2 It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary, rest.

The pleasing theme renew.

- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build, 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim My shield and hiding-place;
 - My never-failing treasure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring!

To utter all thy praise.

With every fleeting breath; So shall the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.



452

The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS,

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:

He makes me down to lie

In pastures green; he leadeth me

The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again, And me to walk doth make Within the paths of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake.

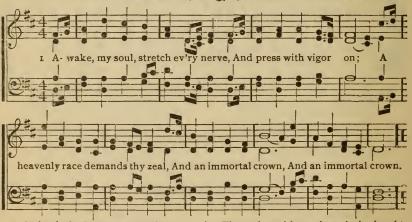
3 Yea, though I walk through death's Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,]

For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me In presence of my foes; My head thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life Shall surely follow me, And in God's house forevermore My dwelling-place shall be.





2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye:

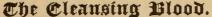
4 That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new luster boast, When victors' wreaths and monarchs' Shall blend in common dust. [geme

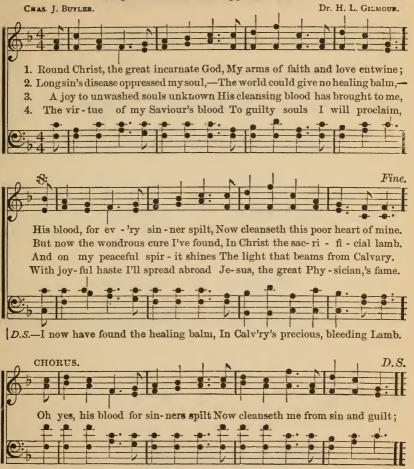
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thec. Have I my race begun;

And, crowned with victory, at thy feet I'll lay my honors down.









Heavenly Union .- Concluded.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high, Beheld my soul in ruin lie, He looked on me with pitying eye, And said to me, as he passed by, "With God you have no union."

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458

- 3 Then I began to weep and cry, It grieved me so that I must die; I strove salvation for to buy; But still I had no union.
- And looked this way and that, to fly, The Sacred Trio-CC
- 4 But when I hated all my sin, My dear Redeemer took me in, And with his blood he wash'd me clean: And oh, what seasons I have seen Since first I felt this union!
- 5 I praised the Lord both night and day. And went from house to house to pray, And if I met one on the way, I found I'd something still to say Alsat this heavenly union.

433

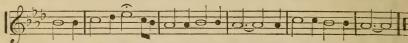


O for a Closer Walk.



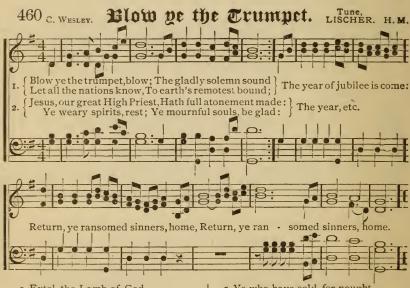


O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to 2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the



shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb! soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

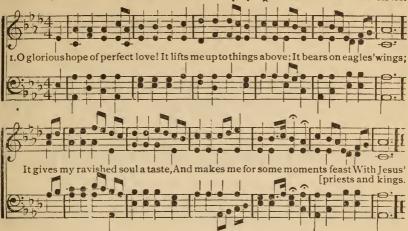
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! | 5 The dearest idol I have known, How sweet their memory still! But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest!
 - I hate the sins that made thee mourn. And drove thee from my breast.
- Whate'er that idol be,
 - Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God. Calm and serene my frame;
 - So purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.



3 Extol the Lamb of God, The all-atoning Lamb; Redemption in his blood Throughout the world proclaim.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell, Your liberty receive, And safe in Jesus dwell, And blest in Jesus live.

- 5 Ye who have sold for naught Your heritage above, Shall have it back unbought, The gift of Jesus' love.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heavenly grace, And saved from earth, appear Before your Saviour's face.



- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of paradise
 In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil.
 Favored with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest; [ness,
 There dwells the Lord our RighteousAnd keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess;
 This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness!

462 Come on, my Partners.

Come on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears,
 To that celestial hill.

- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space, Look forward to that heavenly place, The saints' secure abode; On faith's strong eagle pinions rise, And force your passage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here, We shall before his face appear And by his side sit down; To patient faith the prize is sure, And all that to the end endure The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope! It lifts the fainting spirits up, It brings to life the dead:
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past, And you and I ascend at last, Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight [praise,
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light. —C. Wesley

463

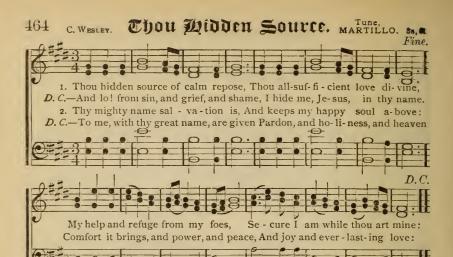
Welcome, Delightful Morn.

Tune opposite.

- Welcome, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest,
 We hail thy kind return,
 Lord, make these moments blest;
 From the low train of mortal toys
 We soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the King descend And fill his throne of grace;

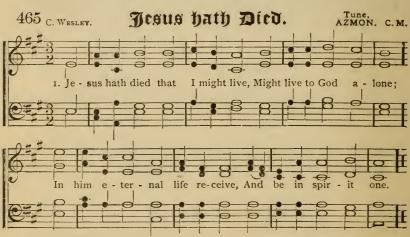
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.



3 Jesus, my all in all thou art; My rest in toil, my ease in pain; The medicine of my broken heart; In war, my peace; in loss, my gain; My smile beneath the tyrant's frown; In shame, my glory and my crown:

4 In want, my plentiful supply; In weakness, my almighty power; In bonds, my perfect liberty; My light, in Satan's darkest hour; In grief, my joy unspeakable; My life in death, my all in all.



2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace, The gift unspeakable; And wait with arms of faith to embrace, And all thy love to feel.

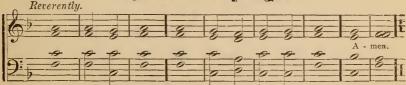
3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;

My longing heart is all on fire To be dissolved in love. 4 Give me thyself; from every boast, From every wish set free; Let all I am in thee be lost, But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice, Unless thyself be given; Thy presence makes my paradise, And where thou art is heaven.



467 The Nord's Prayer.



- 1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, | Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
- Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
- 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil. || For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A-1 men.



- 2 Through tribulation great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame; But now from all their labors rest, In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face; They sing the triumph of his grace; And day and night, with ceaseless praise, To him their loud hosannas raise.
 - 4 O may we tread the sacred road That holy saints and martyrs trod; Wage to the end the glorious strife, And win, like them, a crown of life!

469 Now to the Lord.

- I Now to the Lord a noble song: Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue; Hosanna to the eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.
- See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- The spacious earth and spreading flood Proclaim the wise and powerful God:

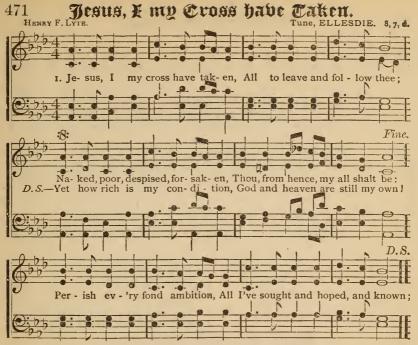
And thy rich glories from afar Sparkle in every rolling star.

- 4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme, My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name; Ye angels, dwell upon the sound, Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 5 Oh! may I reach that happy place, Where he unveils his lovely face, Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold. —Isaac Watts

470 Soon may the last glad song.

- I Soon may the last glad song arise, Through all the millions of the skies; That song of triumph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms Obedient, r. ighty God, to thee; [b6 And over land, and stream, and main, Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell; Let host to host the triumph tell, Till not one rebel heart remains, But over all the Saviour reigns.

-Mrs. Vous



2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!

All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,

'Twill but drive me to thy breast;

Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O'tis not in grief to harm me

O'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;

O'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in every station Something still to do or bear. Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's smile is thine; What a Saviour died to win thee: Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer; Heaven's eternal day's before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there. Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days, Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

472 Gently Lead Us.

I Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us.
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish, Suffer not our souls to fear; And when mortal life is ended, Bid us in thine arms to rest, Till by angel bands attended.

Till by angel bands attended We awake among the blest.



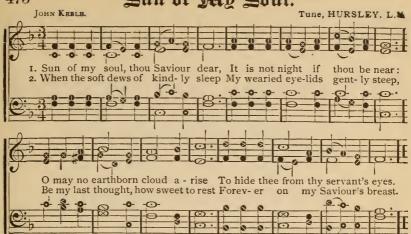
121

Safe in thy arms I lay me down,

Thine everlasting arms of love.

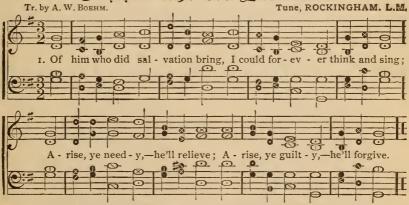
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,

Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

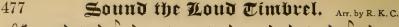


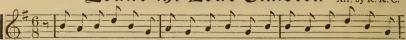
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live: Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine 6 Come near and bless us when we wake, Have spurned to-day the voice divine, Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor With blessings from thy boundless store: Be every mourner's sleep to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
 - Ere through the world our way we take: Till in the ocean of thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Of Him who did Salvation.

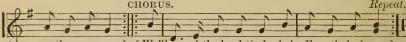


- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given; Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven: Though sin and sorrow wound my soul, Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood; 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly: **He closed his eyes to show us God:** Let all the world fall down and know That none but God such love can show
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone I shed my tears and make my moan; Where'er I am, where'er I move, I meet the object of my love.
 - I drink, and yet am ever dry Ah! who against thy charms is proof Ah! who that loves, can love enough?





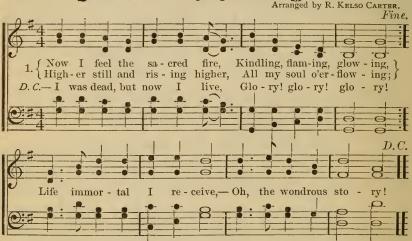
1. { Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall op-Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy



press thee no more; { Sor-row is o'er. } { We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; } Je-hovah hath triumphed, His peo-ple are free. }

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
O, vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

478 **Now F feel the Sacred Fire.**



Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free:
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!





479 I love Thy kingdom.

Vigoroso.

- I I Love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the apple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
- For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend:
 To her my cares and toils be given,
 Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

480 Grace!

- I GRACE! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves our praise.

481 Stand up, and bless.

- I STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye people of his choice; Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise, Above all blessing high, Who would not fear his holy name, And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame From his own altar brought, To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song, And his salvation ours; Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord; The Lord your God adore; Stand up, and bless his glorious name, Henceforth, forevermore.

482 Purity of heart.

- I BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
 May ours this blessing be;
 O give the pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for thee.
- 483 Doxology. S.M.

 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, One in Three,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall forever be.

Come, Le Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and Thos. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEEBE.

1. Come, ye discon solate, where er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure, Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure." 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure from above; [knowing Come to the feast of love; come, ever Earth has no sorrow but heaven can

remove.

489 At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

CHORUS.

1 Of him who did salvation bring, I'm at the fountain drinking, I could forever think and sing,

I'm on my journey home.
CHO—Glory to God,

I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God,

I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given, I'm at the fountain drinking, Ask and he turns your hell to heaven, I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul, I'm at the fountain drinking, Jesus, thy balm will make me whole, I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I meet the object of my love, I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I drink and yet am ever dry, I'm on my journey home.

Сно.—Glory to God,

I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God,

My soul is satisfied.

Alida. C. PA. Double. D. B. THOMPSON.



490 How happy every child.

I How happy every child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiven!

"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—

A country far from mortal sight; Yet O, by faith I see

The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,

Our life in Christ concealed, And with his glorious presence here Our earthen vessels filled.

7 O would he more of heaven bestow, And let the vessels break, And let our ransomed spirits go

To grasp the God we seek; In rapturous awe on him to gaze,

Who bought the sight for me; And shout and wonder at his grace Through all eternity!

492 Work, for the night is coming.

I WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming, Work through the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon,

491 I heard the voice of Jesus.

I I HEARD the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"

I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad, I found in him a resting-place,

And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold, I freely give

The living water; thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"

I came to Jesus, and I drank Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul re-And now I live in him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look unto me, thy morn shall rise

And all thy day be bright!"

I looked to Jesus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun;

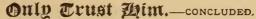
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.

Give every flying minute Something to keep in store: Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more;

Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.





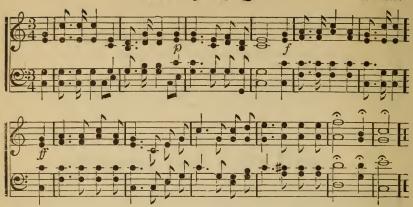


495 Wail, Thou Once Despised.



- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed, All our sins on thee were laid: By almighty love annointed, Thou hast full atonement made.
 - All thy people are forgiver,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory, There forever to abide;
 - All the heavenly hosts adore thee, Seated at thy Father's side: There for sinners thou art pleading; There thou dost our place prepare:

Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.



496 Come, ye that love.

- I COME, ye that love the Saviour's name, And joy to make it known, The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim, And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned With glories all divine; And tell the wondering nations round How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise:
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

497 What glory gilds.

- I WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
 Majestic, like the sun,
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies The gracious light and heat; Its truths upon the nations rise; They rise, but never set.
- Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.
- My soul rejoices to pursue The steps of him I love, Till glory breaks upon my view In brighter worlds above.

498 The Prince of Peace.

- I To us a Child of hope is born,
 To us a Son is given;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, Forevermore adored; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know; Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given; The Wonderful, the Counselor, The mighty Lord of heaven.

499 The joyful sound.

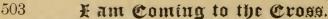
- I SALVATION! O the joyful sound
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

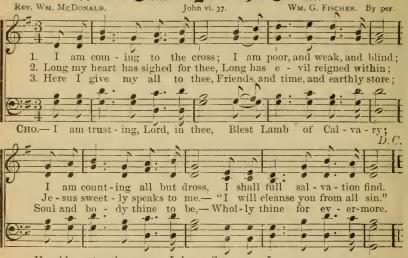
500 Doxology. C.M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



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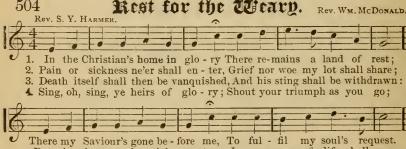




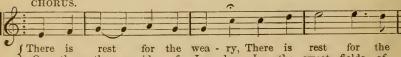
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.



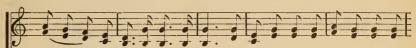
There my Saviour's gone be-fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request. But in that ce-les-tial cen-tre, I a crown of life shall wear. Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn. Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through. CHORUS.



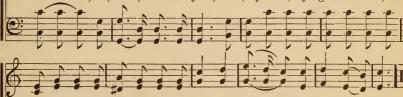
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of

wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you-E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.





forth forbear, O, come, come a-way! Come, come our holy joys renew, Where on the ear, O, come, come away! Come, come where Jesus' love will be, Who more we'll roam, O, come, come away! And when the trump of God shall sound The will be done;" O, come, come away! O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain, And



love and heav'nly friendship grew, The Spirit welcomes you! O,come,come away! says, "I'll meet with two or three," Sweet promise made to thee, O,come,come away! saints no more by Death are bound: He owns our Jesus crown'd; O,come,come away! take thy throne and on it reign; Then earth shall bloom again! O,come,come away!



506 C. WESLEY.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Tune above.

1 Arise, my soul, arise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice

In my behalf appears: Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers, They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

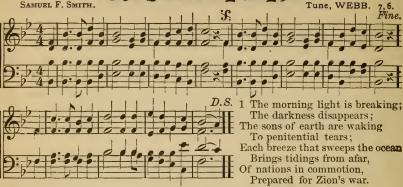
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:

With confidence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

507

The Morning Light.



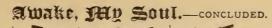
- 2 See heathen nations bending Before the God we love, And thousand hearts ascending In gratitude above; While sinners, now confessing, The gospel call obey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home:
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

508 Geo. Duffield, Jr. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

- 1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss; From victory unto victory His army shall he lead Till every foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day:
 "Ye that are men, now serve him,"
 Against unnumbered foes:
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gosper armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer;
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.
- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.







3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes. 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Though earth and hell my way oppose. He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

And trusting him I fear no ill,

He came to save me.

Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!



To him my heart looks up and sings,

He came to save me.

Antioch. C. PA.



511 O for a thousand tongues.

- I O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth abroad, The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin, He sets the prisoner free; His blood can make the foulest clean; His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice, New life the dead receive; The mournful, broken hearts rejoice; The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues employ; Ye blind, behold your Saviour come; And leap, ye lame, for joy.

513 Joy to the world!

- I Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let every heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

512 Evils of Intemperance. Tune, BOYLSTON.

MOURN for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong; Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul— Eternal life and light Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl, And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but call, Call to the strong, the free; Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray, Pray to our God above, To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show his saying love.

514 What Ruin! Tune, EVAN.

- 1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought! How widely roll its waves! How many myriads hath it brought To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still Are maddened by the bowl, Led captive at the tyrant's will In bondage, heart and soul.
- 3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King, And break the galling chain; Deliverance to the captive bring, And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
 Our plans and efforts bless;
 We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
 To crown them with success.

INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS; First lines in Roman; Metrical Tunes in Italics.

HYM	N. HYMN
Abide with me! fast falls the even- 12	6 Behold, God's wondrous love, . 47
Abiding, oh, so wondrous 41	
A BLESSED REFUGE, 36	
A BLESSING IN PRAYER, 26	1 Best of all
A BRIGHT HOME IN GLORY, 44	
A bugle note of triumph 30	0 Beulah land,
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?. 11	5 Beyond the smiling and the 317
Alas! how long have I	8 Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! 448
Alida, C. M. Double,	
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!	
All-glorious God and King, 35	
All hail the power of Jesus' name 9	
All is ready, the Master said, . 21	
All my life long I had panted . 30	7 Boyleston. S. M., 324
All praise to him who reigns above 16	5 Breaking forever away, . 378
ALL THINGS ARE MINE 26	
Angels hovering round 11	
Antioch, C. M.,	
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely . 15	6 Brother, leave the path of sin, . 345
A PILGRIM'S SONG, 36	
Are you building your 26	
ARE YOU COMING WHILE HE 8	
Are you happy in the Lord, 16	
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?. 7	
Are you weary, are you heavy . 5	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
Are you weary, sin-oppressed? . 2	
Ariel. C. P. M	
Arise, my soul, arise, 50	
A ruler once came to Jesus by . 2	
A SINNER LIKE ME 12	3 Children in the temple cry 187
A sinner lost, and yet I came, . 29	4 Children of the kingdom 210
A SMILE FROM JESUS 6	7 CHRIST IS ALI 246
As we believe in the gospel 21	7 Christmas, C. M.,
AT THE CROSS 11	6 CLEANSING WAVE, 515
At the cross I've laid my 29	
AT THE FOUNTAIN,	9 COME AND ASK JESUS TO SAVE YOU 390
Autumn, 8, 7, d 49	
Awake, awake, O heart of mine, . 41:	1 COME AND TRUST MY SAVIOUR, . 346
Awake, awake, with cheerful . 303	Come, dear friends, and let me 15
Awake, my soul, stretch every . 45-	4 Come, every soul by sin oppress d 494
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, . 509	
Awake, O Zion's daughter 18	Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove 486
Azmon, C. M., 46	
	Come, let us join our cheerrul . 328
BATTLING FOR THE LORD, 378	
Be a helper in life's journey;. 429	Come, oh, come to Jesus, 280
Behold a stranger at the door, . 7	Come, oh, come to the ark of rest, 63

THE SACRED TRIO.

Come, O Holy Spirit, 202	Fade, fade, each earthly joy, .	136
Come, O my soul, my every power 395	FAIR PORTALS	86
Come on, my partners in distress, 462	FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH,	438
Come, saints and sinners, hear me 457	Far, far from home, an exile on .	231
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast; 177	Federal Street, L. M.,	474
Come, sinners, to the Living One,. 164	FILL ME NOW	19
COME, SPIRIT, COME, 202	Finding in Jesus a present help; .	352
Come, thou Fount of every bless 143	Flow on, thou sparkling river, .	364
Come to Calvary's mount to-day, . 133	FOLLOW ALL THE WAY	107
Come to Jesus,	FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW,	295
	Forest. L. M	149
COME TO JESUS WHILE YOU MAY, 229	For the blessings that we share, .	251
Come unto me, the Saviour said, . 424	Fountain. C. M.,	328
Come, while the Saviour calls, 427	FREE GRACE	46
COME WITH REJOICING,	Fresh springs so holy,	235
COME, YE BLESSED	FRIENDS, NOT SERVANTS,	237
Come, ye disconsolate, where er ye 488	From every stormy wind that .	414
Come, ye sinners, poor and 484, 487		240
Come, ye that love the Saviour's . 496	FULL SALVATION,	312
Come, ye weary and oppressed, . 456	<i>a</i> ,	400
COMMUNION WITH THEE,	Garden,	123
COMMUNION WITH THEE, 397	GATHERING HOME.	66
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS, . 305	Gentle words that sweetly fall, .	446
Consecrate me now, Jesus 306	Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us .	472
CREATION'S HYMN OF PRAISE, . 224	GIVE ME JESUS , GIVE THANKS	58
Crown him with many crowns, . 426	GIVE THANKS	252
	Give us light for life eternal,	101
Dark are the waters before me, . 195	GIVE YOUR HEART TO JESUS	21
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy 477	GLORIA PATRI, , .	318
Dear Saviour, each trial but bring 247	GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN	134
DEAR SAVIOUR, I'M COMING, . 420	Glory be to the Father,	318
Depth of mercy! can there be, . 114	1	10 135
DO SOMETHING TO-DAY, 430	Glory to Jesus who died on the	89
Do they know we've been with . 188	God be with thee,	444
Down at the cross, where my Sav- 135	God be with you till we meet .	64
Down, Down, Down, 269	God calling yet! shall I not hear?	
Down life's dark vale we wander,. 61	God is here, and that to bless us, .	77
Downs, C. M.,	God loved the world so tenderly, .	42
Do you think that my Saviour . 371	God so loved the world,	42
Draw and drink anew, 361	God's word,	259
Draw me, O Lord, with the cords. 279	Go, labor on; spend and be spent	
Draw me to thee, 247	Good news, good news of a soul .	11
	Go on, ye soldiers of the cross, .	13
Ellesdie, 8, 7, d 471	Go work.	68
Enter into thy closet,	GRACE IS FREE	28
	Grace! 'tis a charming sound	480
Enter now,		322
Eternal beam of light divine, . 431	Greenville. 8, 7, 4	487
Eternal Father, thou hast said, . 363	Guidance, 6, 5.,	105
Eternal life is in God's word, . 4		
ETERNITY 24	Hail, thou once despised Jesus! .	495
	HALLEI UJAH! AMEN,	215
Evan, C. M.,		141
EVERY KNEE TO HIM SHALL BOW, 186	HAPPY DAY	117
EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE, 512	HAPPY IN THEE,	403
Eving. 7. 6	HARK! I HEAR THE ANGELS CALL-	350

INDEX.

	i		
Hark, I hear the gospel army, .	383	I COME TO THEE,	240
HASTE AWAY,	344	I entered once a home of care, .	246
Hasten, ye weary, why do you lin-	381	If any man thirst, the Saviour said	
HASTE TO THE FIELD OF LABOR, .	207		157
HAVE COMPASSION, LORD,	340	If you want pardon, if you want.	312
Have you been to Jesus for the .	76	I have a gracious Master,	335
Have you had a kindness shown?.	230	I have a home in glory,	441
Have you something good to tell .	265	I have a song I love to sing,	272
HAVE YOU THE GARMENT OF .	45	I have found a blessed refuge, .	366
HEALING AT THE FOUNTAIN,	289	I have found the Saviour precious.	29
HEAR AND ANSWER PRAYER	154	I have heard my Saviour calling,.	107
Hear the welcome bells of heaven,	73	I have heard of a land, of a beau	
HE CAME TO SAVE ME,	510	I heard the voice of Jesus say, 49,	491
HE FEEDETH HIS FLOCK,	348	I hope to meet you all in glory,	80
He has come, he has come,	60	I know not what a day may bring.	273
HE HATH BORNE THEM ALL,	439	T1	139
	294		
HE HEARD MY PRAYER,		I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.	137
HE IS CALLING,	178		455
He leadeth me! O blessed thought,	142	I love thy kingdom, Lord,	479
HELP JUST A LITTLE	34	I LOVE THY WILL,	276
Herald the tidings to every soul, .	46		163
Here in the house of the Lord .	220	I'M WAITING FOR THEE,	368
	12		386
Here in thy name we are gathered		I'm with thee every hour,	
HE SAVES ME NOW,	271	I need the prayers of those I love	385
HE'S MIGHTY TO SAVE,	302	In some way or other the Lord will	501
HE WILL GATHER THE WHEAT	39	In the Christian's home in glory,.	504
HIDE THOU ME	83	IN THE COMFORT OF THE SPIRIT, .	399
HIDING IN THEE	38	In the good old way where the .	155
HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME, .	353	In the harvest field there is work.	79
	415	IN THE FINGROW	
HIS BANNER,		In the Master's vineyard,	227
HIS YOKE IS EASY,	394	in the master's vineyard,	68
Holy Ghost, with light divine, .	323	IN THE MORNING	16
Holy, holy, holy;	169	In the storm of life,	269
Holy, holy, Lord God Almight-	128	In the way cast up for the ransom,	258
Holy Spirit, Teacher thou!	249	In this sinful world I'm walking.	347
Hosanna!	187	In thy cleft, O Rock of Ages.	83
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,	19	Table	
		I DO BELIEVE.	115
How can we fall if the Saviour .	282	Into the tent where a gypsy boy.	72
How dothy mercies close me round.		I redeemed thee, saith the Lord;	339
How firm a foundation, ye saints.	159	I saw the reapers one by one,	440
How glad I am there is room for .	429	I sit at the feet of Jesus,	415
How happy every child of grace, .	490	Isit I?	428
How Long?	26	IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?	41
How oft in holy converse	215	*	33
		Is Your LAMP BURNING?	
	405		151
	450		118
Hursley, L. M.,	475	IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL	97
HYMN TO THE TRINITY,	357	IT REACHES ME	74
		I TRUST AND WAIT,	27:
I am coming to the cross	503	I've a message from the Lord,	7
I am dwelling in the comfort of .	399		
I am possing down the voltage		I've found a joy in sorrow,	308
	179	I've reached the land of corn and.	417
	154		123
- 0 0	197	I was wandering and weary,	8
	333	I will cling to the cross where I .	356
	201		192
I came to the fountain that	341	I will go, I cannot stay,.	402
	450		10%

I will go, I will go, to the Saviour 256	Lead me, lead me,
I will go to Jesus now, 349	LEAD ME, PRECIOUS SAVIOUR 110
I will not doubt my Saviour's love. 228	LEAD ME, SAVIOUR 170
I will praise the Lord to-day, . 183	LEANING ON JESUS 40
I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE IN GLO 153	LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING . 175
I will sing the wondrous story, . 5	LEARN OF HIM,
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE, 262
Jerusalem the golden, 103	LET HIM IN
JEHOVAH'S MIGHTY LOVE	LET ME INTO NOTHING FALL, 199
Jesus calls thee, wand'rer, come, . 25	Let the path be bright, with sunny 374
Jesus! dear and hallowed name, . 338	LET US NOT BE WEARY, 281
Jesus hath died that I might 465	Lister to the "still, small voice," 194
Jesus, I come to thee, 132	Listen to the "still, small voice," 194
Jesus, I my cross have taken, . 471	Listen to the blessed invitation, . 353
Jesus is a precious friend: 382	Listen to the voice of Jesus, 346
Jesus is good to me, 455	Little sunbeams in their brightness 263
JESUS IS MINE	Long, weary hours in sin I wand- 311
JESUS IS STRONG TO DELIVER, . 304	LOOK AND BELIEVE, 315
Jesus is the light, the way, 292	LOOK AND TIVE
Jesus is waiting his grace to be 302	LOOKING AWAY TO JESUS
Jesus, I will take thee, 388	Looking to Jesus, bright Star of . 297
JESUS, LOVE ME STILL,	Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!. 324
Jesus, lover of my soul,	Lord, I am thine, entirely thine, . 150
Jesus loves me, fondly loves me, . 241	Lord, I care not for riches,
Jesus loves me, I'm his child, . 91	
	Lord, my wayward heart is broken 36
and a second sec	LORD OF ALL
JESUS, MY JOY,	Lord, with all my heart I praise . 225
Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem . 93	Lo! round the throne, a glorious. 463
JESUS NOW IS CALLING, 456	Love Divine, 8, 7, d.,
Jesus reigns, in all his glory, . 354	
Jesus saves 85	Love divine, all love excelling, . 104
Jesus saves me; blest assurance, . 271	Loving-Kindness, L. M., 509
Jesus, Saviour, comfort me, 223	Luther, S. M.,
JESUS SOUGHT ME, 311	
Jesus the meek and lowly 186	Maitland, C. M.,
Jesus, the rock on which my feet. 391	
JESUS, THE SURE FOUNDATION, . 268	Manoah, C. M.,
Jesus, the very thought of thee, . 436	MARCHING IN THE KING'S HIGH 258
JESUS WAITS TO HELP YOU, 345	MARCHING ON TO THE KINGDOM, . 343
JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST 172	MARCHING ON TO VICTORY, 298
JESUS WILL HELP YOU,	Marching together with banners . 337
JESUS WILL MEET YOU THERE, 133	Martillo, 8s, 6l.,
-	MEET IN THE MORNING
T	
Joyfully sing, let us joyfully sing, 433	1
JOY IN HEAVEN,	Missionary Chant, L. M., 453
Joy to the world! the Lord is come 513	MOMENTS OF BLESSING, 398
Just as I am, without one plea, . 141	More about Jesus would I know . 275
Just as thou art, without one . 316	More Like Jesus, 233
Just beyond the rolling river 350	Mourn for the thousands slain, . 512
KEEP IN THE LINE, 212	Must Jesus bear the cross alone, . 122
KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY, . 277	My faith, inspired with rapture, . 223
	My faith looks up to thee, 129
LABOR ON	MY HEART'S DEAR HOME, 310
Land ahead! a light is gleaming . 296	My Jesus, I love thee, 48
Land of bliss, where the fields . 189	MY JESUS STILL SAVES ME, 243

INDEX.

My life, my love I give to thee . 137	Oh, what utter weakness fills this 239
MY LIGHT AND SONG, 362	Oh, why do you linger yet longer? 254
212	Oh, why should we wrestle with . 168
My sails are spread to meet the . 372	Oh, why thus stand with reluc- 208
My soul for the Saviour is waiting, 218	O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love, . 110
My soul in sad exile was out on . 160	O Jesus my Saviour, come nearer. 397
My soul is rejoicing, and sweet is. 403	O Lord, in thy Zion praise waiteth 330
MY SOUL IS WAITING, 218	O Love divine, how sweet thou . 147
My soul shouts glory to the Son . 263	O my soul, why art thou troubled, 439
1 - 2	Once again, once again, workers . 44:
MY SPIRIT IS FREE 157	
77 77 17 145	Once in my boyhood's gladsome . 78
Nearer, my God, to thee, 145	Once more with joy and gladness. 434
Nearer the cross, my heart can say 27	One by one we cross the river, . 407
Nearer to Jesus, his precious blood 336	ONE IN THEE,
NEARER TO THEE, 320	Only a step to Jesus, 55
NEVER GO BACK,	ONLY BELIEVE 168
Nicea, 11, 12, 10	ONLY IN THE NARROW WAY, 425
	ONLY THE LORD CAN SATISFY, . 374
No other now but Jesus, 214	ONLY TRUST HIM,
Not my own, but saved by Jesus, . 20	O North, with all thy vales of . 205
NOT NOW, BUT BY AND BY, 440	On the happy, golden shore 30
Not to-morrow, but to-day, 380	On the desert mountain straying, . 140
Now I feel the sacred fire, 478	ON THE ROAD, GOING HOME, . 437
Now no more with pain I'm 392	100
Now to the Lord a noble song: . 469	000
Now to the Lord a hobie song 400	
011 17 00-111 - 101	Onward, 6, 5.,
O blessed Jesus, O Saviour divine, 181	Onward, Christian soldiers, 124
O come, come away! for time's . 505	OPEN THOU MINE EYES,
Of him who did salvation 476, 489	Open your heart to Jesus, 291
O for a closer walk with God, . 459	Oppressed by countless foes with- 192
O for a thousand tongues, to sing. 511	O REST, SWEET REST, 349
Oft I hear hope sweetly singing, . 321	O safe to the Rock that is higher . 38
O give thanks unto the Lord, . 252	O SAVIOUR, STAY,
22, 000	
Oh, blessed fellowship divine! . 305	O Spirit of the living God, 327
() BLESSED WORD 4	O spotless Lamb, I come to thee, . 313
O bless the Lord, what joy is . 106	O sweet is the voice of my Shep 348
O could I speak the matchless . 148	O that my load of sin were gone! 149
Oft hast thou heard a voice that . 35	O the bitter shame and sorrow, . 502
O glorious hope of perfect love! . 461	OUR BIBLE STORY, 421
O happy day, that fixed my choice, 117	Our fatherland, thy name so dear. 234
Oh, glad whosoever, the deed is . 90	Our Father which art in heaven, . 467
Oh hanny day what a Saviannia Of	
Oh, happy day, what a Saviour is . 96	Our friends on earth we meet with 173
Oh, how blessed is the service . 237	Our Jesus says that he will come, 65
Ch, how happy are they 119	OUR JUBILANT SONG 445
Oh, let us love our brothers 262	Our Sunday-school, how sweet, . 286
Oh, now I see the cleansing wave, 435	Out in the wide world, out on its. 359
Oh, praise his name forever! . 244	Out on the desert looking, looking 56
Ch, rally round the standard, . 87	Outside the gate, and yet so near . 213
Oh, the clanging bells of time, . 24	OVER THE TIDE,
	O, why dost thou linger so long, . 368
Oh, the Lord is rich in mercy, 290	O ye wand'rers, come to Jesus, . 98
On, the time is flying fast,	D 7 01 1 T 75
Oh, think of the work to be done. 375	Park Street, L. M., 468
Oh, this uttermost salvation, . 74	Pass it on,
Oh, wake. for the day is passing, . 207	PLEADING WITH THEE, 334
Oh, we are young soldiers for Je 301	Pleyel's Hymn, 7s., 322

THE SACRED TRIO.

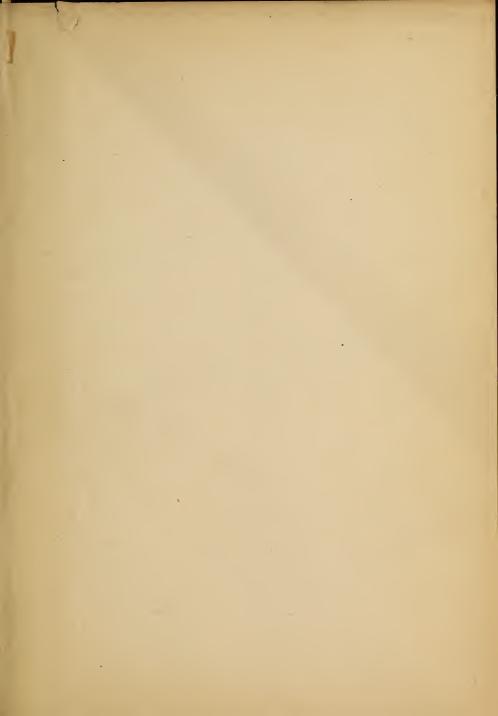
Portuguese Hymn,	159	Sowing in the morning, sowing .	71
Praise God on the throne of his .	224	Standing on the promises,	9
Praise him for his glory,	232	Stand up, and bless the Lord, .	481
Praise him for his glory, praise .	232	Stand up, stand up for Jesus,	508
Praise him, o praise him,	181	Stay, sinner, stay! the night .	473
Praise, praise his name	140	Steersman, steersman, the chan	377
Praise the Lord for his love,	190	STEPPING IN THE LIGHT	158
Praise the Lord! ye heavens,	287	Stepping-stones to Jesus,	245
Prayer is the key,	131	Steps are before me, dear Saviour,	233
Precious name of Jesus,	338	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,	474
		SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL,	255
RALLY FOR THE RIGHT,	355	Sweet hour of prayer,	146
Redeemed	90	Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh	493
REDEEMED, PRAISE THE LORD, .	96	SWEET PEACE, THE GIFT OF GOD'S	81
RESTING,	393	Swiftly, so swiftly, the years roll.	412
Rest to the weary soul,	17	Swing back for one moment, fair.	86
Return, O ye lost ones, for why .	285		
REVIVE THE HEARTS OF ALL	77	TAKE ALL MY SINS AWAY,	313
REVIVE US AGAIN	112	Take my life, and let it be,	69
Riches unsearchable, riches un-	260	Take the hand thy Saviour gives .	211
Rejoice! Rejoice! for Jesus reigns,	390	Take the word and sow it well, .	370
Rich are the moments of blessing	398	Take the world, but give me Jesus.	58
Rockingham, L. M.,	476	Telling the story of Jesus,	404
Round Christ, the great incarnate	458	TELL IT AGAIN	73
, 0		TELL IT OUT WITH GLADNESS	161
SAFE IN THE GLORY LAND	155	Tell it to Jesus	50
St. Martin's, C. M.,	486	Tell me the story of Jesus,	51
Salvation! O the joyful sound, .	499	Thank God for a perfect salvation,	342
SATISFIED,	397	THAT'S THE NEWS,	53
SAVE ME NOW	36	THE ALTERED MOTTO,	502
SAVIOUR, HEAR MY CALL,	223	THE ARMY OF THE LORD,	191
Saviour, I have heard thee plead	365	THE BANNER OF THE CROSS,	206
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, .	170	THE BE UTIFUL LIGHT,	503
SAVIOUR, RECEIVE ME,	256	The Bible was given,	259
Say, is your lamp burning, my bro-	33	The blood's applied! my soul is .	108
Scattering the seed, the precious, .	281	The Christ is found, we've waited	315
SEEKING FOR ME	93	THE CITY BEYOND,	406
See the host of redeemed ones ad	343	THE CITY OF GOLD,	417
Send out thy light and truth,	351	THE CLEANSING BLOOD,	458
Seymour, 78.,	314	THE CONQUEROR,	205
SHALL WE PRAY FOR YOU?	319	The dear little birds are as glad .	445
She hath done what she could,	184	THE EVERLASTING HYMN	169
Shoulder to shoulder,	290	THE EVERLASTING SONG,	395
SHOWERS OF BLESSING	12	THE EXILE'S RETURN,	40.5
Sick and weary, broken-hearted, .	340	THE FIRM FOUNDATION	159
Simply trusting every day,	57	The flush of morn is on the moun-	408
SINCE I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED, .	272	THE GOLDEN KEY	131
SING HALLELUJAH,	465	THE GOSPEL ARMY,	383
SINGING ALL THE DAY	197	THE GOSPEL FEAST	177
Sing to the Lord, to God our Fa	389	The gospel word, so freely given,.	185
Soldiers for Jesus, rise and away	213	THE HAVEN OF REST	160
Soldiers recruiting in the ranks of	355	The heavenly Father calls for thee,	236
SOME SWEET DAY	6	THE HEAVENWARD WAY,	204
Soon may the last grand song a .	470	The home where changes never .	62
Sorrow here is not a stranger, .	369	THE HOUSE OF THE LORD,	220
SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL,	476	The King bids you come and par	45
Sound the trumpet loud and long	331	The light is here the blessed light.	358

I.VDEX.

THE LIGHTS OF HOME,	377	THE WAITING GUEST,	44
The Lord in his word has com-	367	THE WORDS OF THIS LIFF,	185
The Lord into his garden comes, .	127	The world was like a stormy night	24
THE LORD IS GOOD,	242	They te I me that Jesus is willing	420
The Lord is my banner and the .	335	Thine fo. ever, gracious King,	3:33
The Lord is my Shepherd,	394	Thine forever, thine forever,	393
THE LORD IS RICH IN MERCY,	290	THINK OF THE WORK TO BE DONE,	3 5
THE LORD REIGNETH,	354	Tho' kindred ties around us,	67
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not .	453	Tho' the night be dark and dreary	109
THE LORD'S GARDEN,	127	Thou art a Rock in a thirsty land,	216
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE,	501	Thou hidden source of calm re-	4:4
The Master is calling for some one,	423	Through thy all atoning merit, .	311
The Master is calling for you,	53	Thy will to me, O God,	276
THE MORNING DRAWETH NIGH, .	87	Till he come! oh, let the words, .	130
The morning light is breaking, .	507	'Tis mine to walk in the narrow .	2 '4
THE NEW SONG	18	'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, .	37
THE ONLY REFUGE,	180	To-day the Redeemer is calling, .	26
The past we never can undo,	250	To-day the Saviour calls,	121
THE PLEADING SAVIOUR,	25	To Fath r, Son, and Holy Ghost, .	500
THE PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS, .	274	Together let us sweetly live,	102
The promises, how precious! .	401	Toiling for thee,	419
The promises of Jesus,	387	TO THE END,	371
There are angels hovering round,.	111	To us a Child of hope is born,	498
There are lonely hearts to cherish,	94	Traveler, haste, the day is waning	344
There are songs of joy that I loved		Tue-hearted, who e-hearted, faith-	
There comes to my heart one .	81	TRUST AND OBEY	171
There is a fountain filled with .	134	TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL, .	57
There is a land of pure delight, .	139	TRUSTING ON	225
There is healing at the fountain,.	289	TRUSTING ONLY THEE	201
	226		267
There is joy within when faith is.			158
There is nerfect cleaning in the	353	TURN UNTO ME,	267
There is perfect cleansing in the.	309 261	Unfold in boouty flowers of anning	0.40
	109	Unfold in beauty, flowers of spring	
THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY,	309	Up and onward, Christian soldier,.	
THERE'S A BLESSING FOR ME, There's a city that looks o'er the.		Up to the bountiful giver of life Up to thy throne, O Father above,	
There's a great day coming,	284	op to thy throne, or ather above,	エリル
There's a hand held out in pity, .		VALE OF BEULAH	179
There's a wideness in God's mercy		Valley of Eden, beyond the sea,	413
	190		300
There's a place for me at the Sav		120202222022	000
There's a precious bible story, .	421	WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT,	62
There's a robe and a palm for you	300	Waiting by the wayside,	288
There's a stranger at the door, .	14		341
There's nothing like the old, old .	28		367
There's sunshine in my soul	255		347
THERE YOU MAY REST,	381	Wanderer, come to the only re-	180
THE SAVING GRACE OF JESUS, .	217	WATCHING FOR THE BRIDEGROOM	65
The Saviour is calling you, sinner,	95	Watchman, 78, d.,	451
The Saviour is my all in all,	54	Watchman, tell us of the night, .	451
THE SAVIOUR PRECIOUS,	29		206
THE STILL, SMALL VOICE,	194		437
THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR, .	75		152
The temperance cause is moving .	298	We are never, never weary of the.	10
THE TRUE SHEPHERD,	8	We are pilgrims looking home, .	16
THE VERY SAME JESUS,	164	We are singing on the way,	174

463

Weary, oh, yes, thou art weary, .	334	When we walk with the Lord, .	171
Weary pilgrim on life's pathway,.	33	Where deserts abundantly bloom,	443
Weary with walking alone,	40	WHERE IS THY SOUL?	35
Webb. 7. 6	507	WHERE MOTHER KNELT IN PRAY	78
	330	WHERE THE LIVING WATERS FLOW	17
Weeping will not save me,	100	While Jesus whispers to you,	113
WE GREET YOU ALL,	442	WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY, .	94
We have been toiling, dear Master,	419	While we bow in thy name,	118
We have heard a joyful sound,	85	Wimborne,	363
WELCOME BELLS OF HEAVEN, .	73	WHOM AM I SEEKING,	412
Welcome, delightful morn,	463	Who is this that waiteth?	41
WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD BY	173	WHO WOULD NOT KNOW THE SAV-	335
We'll sing of the statutes divine, .	406	WHY DON'T YOU COME?	98
We praise thee, O God, for the .	112	WHY DON'T YOU COME TO JESUS, .	484
We praise thee, our Father, we .	277	Why do you wait, dear brother, .	93
We shall have a new name in that	384	WHY I LOVE MY JESUS,	428
We shall reach the river side, .	6	WHY LINGER?	254
We shall walk the realms of glory	209	Why should life a weary journey.	362
We sing of the joys that await us.	373	WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING, .	84
We've 'listed in a holy war,	378	Willoughby, C. P. M.,	461
We walk by faith, and oh, how .	176	WILL YOU COME TO JESUS,	203
What a fellowship, what a joy di-	175	Will you come, will you come, .	172
What a Friend we have in Jesus, .	138	Will you go to Jesus now,	1
What glory gilds the sacred page,	497	With trembling contrition I so ight	
What i uin hath intemperance .	514	Wonderful, Lord, thy lowly birth,	
WHAT THE LORD HAS DONE FOR .	15	Wonderful tidings mercy is bear.	
Whatsoever burden presses on thy	376	Wondrous Love,	47
WHAT WILL THE FIRST GREETING	248	WORDS OF CHEER.	380
When all thy mercies, O my God,	449	Words of Jesus,	424
When doubt and conflict weigh me	320	WORK AWAY,	370
Whene'er I think of Jesus,	199	Work, for the night is coming, .	492
Whene'er we meet you always say	52	Work, oh, work for Jesus; in his.	253
When in the tompest he'll hide us,	304	Worthy to be praised is God my .	221
WHEN JESUS COMES,	61	Would you find the way to he even	396
When Jesus comes to reward his .	84	Would you know why I love Je	428
When Jesus laid his crown aside, .	510		
When Jesus shall gather the na	39	YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN,	23
When Jesus washed my sins a	466	Ye who know your sins forgiven, .	485
When life is full of toil and care, .	200	You ask what makes me happy, .	153
When lost among the wild, dark.	310	You have heard the gospel mes	82
When our Saviour in his glory, .	283	Young soldiers for Jesus, .	301
When peace, like a river, attend.	97	You're longing to work for the .	430
When shall we all meet again? .	130		
WHEN THE KING COMES IN,	59	Zerah, C. M.,	496
When we come with burdened .	319		







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